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THE FRONT PAGE

THE announcement has been made that Col. J. M. Gibson, of Hamilton, will succeed Sir Mortimer Clark as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and the recipient of the honor is, we are told in the daily press, receiving congratulations on his appointment from all parts of the world. It is curious that the honor which one man covets another scorns. The story goes in political circles that the appointment which Col. Gibson so much prizes was declined by Sir Richard Cartwright—not only declined, but the offer of it, or the desire to pension him off with it was so much resented, that a revolt was threatened. Sir Richard appears to think that the country needs him yet in some capacity more useful than in that of a social ornament. It is understood that for some time past there has been a breach at Ottawa in connection with this or with matters growing out of or alongside it. Sir Richard has reached the time of life when naturally he is less consulted than formerly, and it is one of the strangest, or, at any rate, one of the most pathetic of facts, that when a man reaches this stage he grows more sensitive to slights than in his strong days when few were put upon him. It has been so with the wisest and greatest of men. A man never knows when to quit. A few months ago mention was made in these columns of a feeling in the Liberal party, especially among the members and workers, that Sir Wilfrid should have retired some of his older colleagues in favor of younger men. Time flies, young men grow old with their ambitions ungratified. Some of the Liberal newspapers seized upon this as proof of the loyalty of Sir Wilfrid to the old guard, and some very eloquent sentiments were expressed on the subject. Yet, as we all know, if winter lingers too long in the lap of spring, the whole year and its usefulness may take injury. The thought presents itself that perhaps Sir Wilfrid's reason for not parting with these old friends was because he couldn't.

COL. GIBSON is best known as Hon. J. M. Gibson, for some time Attorney-General in the Ross Government. As the long day of Liberal rule drew down an end in Ontario, as night drew near and men threw lengthening shadows, it was seen that in the shade of Mr. Gibson was a large following of corporation interests. He had investments here and there, in this concern and that, and was bitterly assailed by hostile journals as the champion of franchise holders as against popular interests. All that is past and gone now since he has been in private life, and yet, in the newspaper discussion on his appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship it is conceded on all hands that it is necessary that he should relinquish those intricate business connections in which he has been concerned. Col. Gibson concedes the point. In an interview he says:

"It goes without saying that I will have to disentangle myself from business to a great extent, and particularly from the Street Railway and other corporations coming in contact with the public—sometimes hostile contact. All these duties will devolve on some one else. I am going to disappear from the scene. It can't all be done in a minute, but I intend to eliminate myself as rapidly as possible from these concerns. I will make a more specific announcement of this later on. There will be so much resignation on my part the people will think there is not much left." He added that he would probably retire as commander of the 15th Infantry brigade.

Public opinion will be less concerned about his command of the 15th Infantry brigade than some of his other and non-military commands. This is a subject on which the press should speak out, for nothing could well be worse than to have a Lieutenant-Governor who might at any time be discovered in financial relationships that would expose him to sensational newspaper attack. Col. Gibson's promised reference to this question later on, should be considerably more specific than the one already given. He should not only seem to resign his interests—he should sever them entirely before deeming himself eligible for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. Not only should the duty of scrapping with the public devolve on someone else, but he should cease to have any interest hostile to that of the public in these scraps. It is not enough that he should do so much resigning that the people will think there is not much left. There should be nothing left.

ALTHOUGH the province has never had a better Lieutenant-Governor than Sir Mortimer Clark, who no doubt has retained during his term of office a number of financial relationships, yet these two men occupy quite different places before the people of the province. Sir Mortimer was never in the thick of partisan fighting, nor was he ever a corporation leader "in hostile contact" with the public. He had not been through a Soo election, of which men for long years thought and talked bitterly. Col. Gibson was in the centre of the most virulent politics in our history. While Attorney-General of the province he had business relationships which many considered highly improper in one holding his position, but which he maintained were proper enough. Is Col. Gibson, then, to be left to himself to decide just to what extent he must sever the ties that bind him to "corporations that come in contact with the public—sometimes hostile contact"? There will require to be ample assurance that the surgery has been of a thorough kind. The danger is not so much in any leaning in one direction habitual with the man himself, as the retention of interests which would upset public faith in the office and its occupant and subject both to destructive attack.

A QUEER story is told about a dead fly's settling an important literary question in connection with Robert Louis Stevenson. It seems that some literary men were looking over a book of notes left by Mr. Stevenson,

and it was important that they should find out the date when the notes were written—whether he wrote them before, or after he went to Samoa to live. As there was no date attached to the notes, the examiners were much perplexed as to how they might settle the matter, when one of them happened to discover a dead fly between two of the leaves. Now, one of the men was an entomologist and he at once recognized the fly as belonging to the Polynesian Islands. It was thereupon agreed that Mr. Stevenson wrote the notes at Samoa, and various learned men have exclaimed upon the unexpected way in which knowledge may be turned to account.

But Sherlock Holmes would have scoffed at the hasty

well of them, and no flies would have got on them. He would have found that insect and whisked it away. Altogether this journal lines up with those who argue that Stevenson wrote those notes before going to Samoa.

A MEMBER of Parliament who spends his time at Ottawa seeking to earn, at the hands of his party, a postmastership or other salaried position, has a great deal of nerve when he reproaches an elector for refusing to go on voting for him. The elector is entitled to have, at Ottawa, a representative, not a job hunter.

A political party leader who abandons nearly all the principles that won men's support, has a great deal of

ambition to attempt to do anything or to be anything. Too many of them accept as inevitable a servile condition. We have the difference between the European and the Canadian point of view only too well expressed by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., whose speeches in this city, if they mean anything, are meant to incite our workers to do less work per diem than they have been doing in order that the same amount of work may yield wages to a greater number of persons. That view may do in Europe—there may be something to say for it in nations which are dying and are content to die—but here there is nothing to say for it. There is not a mechanic in Toronto who, by proving his capacity, may not hope to accomplish something important. There is scarcely a large employer of labor in Toronto, and few men of note in any walk of life, who did not begin life as a wage-earner or without means. The young man in Canada who accepts the Keir Hardie teaching thereby devotes himself to manual labor for the rest of his life, and he does this in a country where no man need do it unless he brings into the game muscle unguided by intelligence. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., is not cut out for a tourist of the Empire. Or, if he must travel, he should travel in order to learn, not to teach.

AS a contribution to discussion of the Labor problem it may be said that too many men who work with their hands are seen clustered in the streets, reading racing-form charts during one-half the year after having gathered in crowds hungrily reading the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers during the previous half.

WHEN a man comes to you for advice on any subject, study his own desire in the matter and commend it to him. He will advertise you as a sage. If you oppose his view he will scarcely be able, while in the room, to conceal his belief that you are a greatly over-rated person, and outside the room will make no attempt to conceal it. A man only seeks advice because he expects it to be of the kind he wants. He will consider the whole list of his friends, and then go to the one most likely to favor his own view.

THE greatest annual show in the world is now under way in Toronto—the Canadian National Exhibition. It is more truly national this year than ever before, and its growth is an increasing pride to the people of the city, as it must be a source of satisfaction to the men who are shaping its course so successfully.

But it seems that at our national exhibition we have no national flag. Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, conducted the opening ceremonies on Tuesday, and, as one of the dailies puts it, "from the flag-staff, some feet below the British flag, flew the tri-color of France, in honor of the guest of the day." The Exhibition management flew the tri-color of France in honor of the guest of the day, and the guest of the day

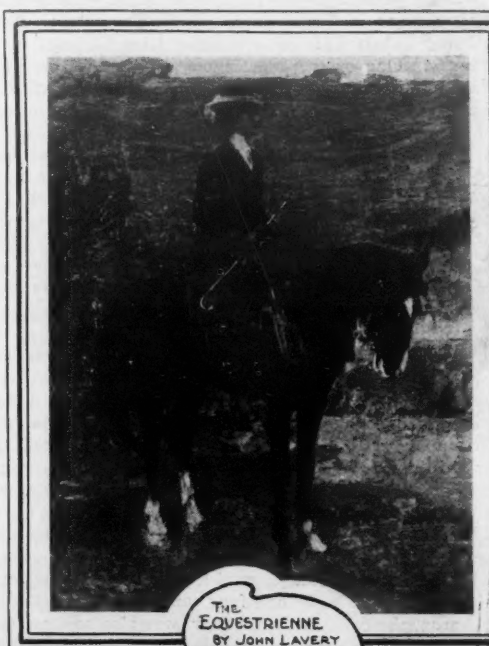
was none other than the King's proxy in a sister province of this British Dominion. Surely the national flag would have answered every purpose in welcoming a fellow-countryman. Surely the Lieutenant-Governor of a British province could have been welcomed by means of a British flag.

SOME time ago when Premier Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer his chauffeur was up in police court charged with driving an automobile beyond the speed limit. Mr. Asquith was in the car at the time and a knowledge of his identity did not cause the policeman to fail to prosecute, nor did the Bench fail to impose the usual fine. At the time, I mentioned the case as an instance of the way things are done in an old civilization. A case, much similar, has occurred at Ottawa. Henry Birks was fined \$22 in police court there for exceeding the speed limit, and as no defence was put in, the case did not occupy a minute. It was learned later that the auto was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's and that Lady Laurier occupied a seat in it when it was held up by the police.

This is as it should be. If fines are to be imposed they should be imposed regardless of persons. However, there remains this difference, that the English press seemed to joy in the fining of Mr. Asquith, as if he were an ordinary person, while the despatches from Ottawa express a pale horror over the incident. In this country there is a disposition among those in authority to make policemen understand that the auto of an eminent man is not going fast, no matter how fast it may be going.

IT may be necessary to inform some of our readers that a "blind pig," as referred to in the following letter, may be described, roughly, as a place where liquor is sold without lawful permission. The letter is a hot one, concerning conditions in the mining districts in the new north of Ontario. It may be that the correspondent, in order to command attention, puts his case somewhat too strongly, but it is published as it was received, in order that the public mind may be confronted with the question: "What's the use of maintaining nominal prohibition in that new country, when it merely means unregulated drinking of viler liquors than are consumed anywhere else in the province?" Here is the letter:

Editor Saturday Night: The great temperance wave has swept the country. What has been accomplished? A few facts gathered from one district is all that a citizen is in duty bound to give his fellows, through the medium of the press. It is in this spirit that I write. The effort to force total abstinence on the people of the northern part of Temiskaming is a total failure. No arguments are necessary to demonstrate this contention. The facts are plain and can be seen by any man who spends half a day in the town of Cobalt. The number of "blind pigs" in this one place is sufficient to supply alcoholic drink to all the people in Toronto. In the town of English Lake there are at least six "blind pigs," not hidden away in dark cellars or secret passages, but just where you would expect to find booze, in bars fitted for the purpose. Matheson is a smaller edition of



THE EQUESTRIENNE
BY JOHN LAVERY R.S.A.
LOANED BY THE ARTIST



THE LIFE BOAT
BY CHAPMAN HEMPTMAN
LOANED BY FINE ARTS SOCIETY LONDON

DANIEL
BY BRITISH RIVER
LOANED BY CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL



MY UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN
BY C.R. LESLIE R.S.A.
LOANED BY W.G. ROBERTSON ESQ.



THE JAMESON RAID
LOANED BY HENRY GRAVES ESQ.



PORTRAIT OF
W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON ESQ.
BY JOHN S. SARGENT R.A.
LOANED BY W.G. ROBERTSON ESQ.

conclusion at which these learned but unwise men arrived. Had the dispute been whether the notes were written during or after residence in Samoa then the presence of the fly between the leaves might have been taken as conclusive. The question, however, was as to whether the notes had been written "before" or "during" residence in Samoa. The fly, therefore, would have no significance to any mind trained in close reasoning. The notes, if written "before" the visit to Samoa, could easily have been picked up by the fly while there. In fact, as a fellow-author, I am inclined to think that the presence of the fly rather goes to show that the notes were written some time before going to Samoa, but that Stevenson unearthed them one day and reading them with that impatience which an author has for all but his most recent productions, slammed sheet after sheet down on a table, slaying the unfortunate but now famous fly. Had he written the notes while in Samoa he would have continued to think

nerve when he reproaches an editor or other intelligent citizen for refusing to go on supporting him. Sometimes a man is accused of deserting his party, when he has but remained true to principles which the party leaders have wandered far away from.

DR. BRUCE SMITH, who recently returned to Toronto from Great Britain, says: "It's appalling to see the way in which steamship companies are rushing immigrants to Canada, regardless of health or circumstances, and with no proper medical examination."

It is also appalling to observe their arrival at this end of the journey, too many of them without health, means or a ghost of a chance of making good in a country like this.

But after all the most discouraging aspect of the whole affair is that too many of them, being under no handicap either as respects health or means, are wholly without

Cobalt. Larder Lake City consists of two stores, one recording office, and a dozen shacks. There are two well-known "blind pigs" in that place and two more of lesser note. I happened to see eight cases of whiskey going into the city in a wagon, one evening in June. I do not wish to open up a controversy as argument is useless; these facts are known to every man in this district; they are commonplace. I know of one inspector in this district who is a very busy man. He has been able to fine a number of persons for selling whiskey. The only apparent result is a large increase in the number of "blind pigs." Were these "blind pigs" engaged in selling legitimate wines, beer or liquors, it would be bad enough, but the whiskey they dispose of is said to be composed of high wines, blue stone and tobacco juice, although some use a chemical preparation which is even more injurious. Three drinks of this concoction is guaranteed to render a man unconscious and cause serious physical and mental injury to the victims, as the doctors in the towns of Cobalt, Englehart and Larder are well aware. Once the victim is unconscious, the bum, attached to these "blind pigs" kindly relieve him of all his valuables. Under these circumstances a fine of \$50 or \$100 is easily paid. It is easily seen that the liquor law, as administered in this country is causing much moral injury to the manhood of this country. While our legislators are making long speeches as to the necessity of a higher ideal of public honesty their grandmotherly legislation is degrading our ideals by providing an overwhelming avalanche of "pigs." The ordinary man has a profound contempt for the liquor law as administered in this district. This attitude leads to the conviction that the mining law is equally contemptible and no effort is made to obey it, either in the spirit or the letter. Public opinion in this district has expressed its whole-hearted contempt for all law. "Grafting" is a common name for all public officials, and although this, in the majority of cases, is unjust, it illustrates the degrading influence at work. On the other hand public officers have a shrewd suspicion that every man who makes an affidavit, whether for agricultural or mining purposes, is a perjurer. To stop this dry rot in the body politic, our laws must be practical, effective and enforced. At present they are impracticable, ineffective and no effort is made to enforce them for these obvious reasons.

Will some public spirited and independent organ help us, before we have lost all trace of individual and public honesty? ALTHEAS.

It may afford a certain amount of satisfaction to some to be able to say that no license to sell liquor is allowed over a large area. But of what benefit is it to prohibit licenses in a country where drinking cannot be stopped? Importance does not attach to names and phrases, but to conditions. It may please one preacher in Toronto to tell another that not a licensed bar is or will be allowed over a wide area of the North country, but is not the boast bought at too high a price, if it produces anything like the conditions described by our correspondent? Theories have been aired to no end on this question, but the facts of life remain pretty much as they were before this theorizing began. In a new country, where the inhabitants are mostly males gathered from the four corners of the world, sensible people will scarcely expect to establish, by means of outside sentiment or outside force, a sobriety or morality superior to anything we are able to maintain where civilization is vastly older—where churches, schools, homes, and all the conventionalities work their full influence. MACK.

SOME idea of the agricultural growth of the West may be gathered from the fact that in the province of Saskatchewan the acreage under wheat has increased sixteen per cent. since last year, and the acreage under oats forty-six per cent.

WILL parties in Canada never learn, as they have learned in England, to accept defeat at the polls gracefully, retiring from office with unbroken ranks and with colors flying? Such a political army would be a formidable force: twenty-four hours after the new Government took office. But this trading in principles, and lowering of banners, this clinging to power when power rightly belongs to others, this it is that at last leaves parties in absolute ruin. This surely is the lesson taught by events in Manitoba, in Ontario, and now apparently in New Brunswick, and the sooner party men learn it the better for the party and the nation.—Toronto News.

M. R. E. SHEPPARD, formerly editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, who, for nearly a year past, has been residing in California, has returned home much improved in health. He has been spending the past week visiting old friends at St. Thomas, and relatives at Mapleton. Mr. Sheppard was interviewed by reporters while in St. Thomas, where he edited a newspaper twenty-five years ago, and said: "I sat here in the hotel for some time last night and watched to see if any of the old-timers would pass up the corridor to their accustomed destination, but not a single one made his appearance."

NEW ONTARIO is to have a new daily paper, to be published at Sudbury and devoted to the interests of the North country. Mr. G. J. Ashworth, a clever writer on the editorial staff of the Toronto Star, has resigned to take the managing editorship of the new journal, which is to be called The Northern Star; Mr. J. H. Willmott is to be managing editor, and Mr. T. M. Humble is to be advertising manager. The new journal thus begins its career in experienced hands. Stock in the new journal is to be put on the market, and as Sudbury is in the centre of a district with a population of fifty thousand, that a morning journal can reach before night, and as these people are expected to heartily support a daily journal advocating their interests, the promoters of the enterprise predict that those buying shares will earn dividends from the start. The new paper will, it is claimed, rank with the Toronto and Montreal papers in its news service, while offering the people of New Ontario a determined advocacy of their interests. Thus the new country begins to assert itself.

HON. J. J. FOY, the Ontario Attorney General, denies the rumor that he will oppose Hon. A. B. Aylesworth in North York. Mr. Foy says he will not enter Dominion politics.

The President and the Plumber.

WHEN he throws off the cares of office and romps with his children, President Roosevelt becomes, for the time being, a prank-playing, big boy. Moreover, he can enjoy a joke turned against himself. Once, while visiting his sister, Mr. Roosevelt entered the room after every one else was at the luncheon table. He was laughing heartily.

"I have just played a mad prank on the plumber," he declared. Then he related how he had gone to the bathroom to wash his hands, when he heard what seemed to be stealthy footsteps coming down the hall. The boys had played a number of jokes on him, and he immediately surmised that they were about to spring a new one. He sopped a wash-rag in water, then, with the dripping cloth in his hand, he waited the attack. The steps came nearer, and nearer, then stopped, and some one tried to open the door, which the President was holding shut. Suddenly, he threw the door wide open, simultaneously swinging the wet cloth over his head and shouting gleefully, "I've got you now!" The wash-rag landed, not on the head of one of the boys, as he had anticipated, but square across the face of a startled plumber, who had come to repair a defective pipe. It is hard to say who was more surprised, the President or the plumber. Mr. Roosevelt apologized profusely, explained the circumstances, and then descended to the dining-room, shaking with laughter.—Lippincott's.

The Door.

BETWEEN us stands the closed door of your grief, Oh, my beloved, is this thing well done? What part have I with summer and with sun Since you deny them to your heart's relief? Was I Life's jester then and pand nothing more? Open the door!

Think you I walk with gladness while afar You sit alone with sorrow? Nay, not so! There is no tear you shed I do not know, No wound you feel but I too bear its scar— May I not stand beside you, then, the less Wounded by knowledge of your loneliness.

Know this, that I, a watcher in the night, Would find no word to censure or complain Could I but see upon your window-pane The glow of hearth-flame and of candle-light. So might I turn, who now may only wait Knowing you sit in darkness—desolate.

Oh, my beloved, is this thing well done? Is Love the veriest servant of your years Unworthy to be comrade of your tears? Was nought alone the bond that made us one? Then to the clown if Love be king no more— Open the door!

—Theodosia Garrison, The Metropolitan Magazine.

The Two Lloydminsters.

LLOYDMINSTER, SASK., Aug. 26, 1908

Editor Saturday Night: In your issue of last Saturday, you speak of the two Battlefords as being the only two towns in Western Canada having the same name. As the accompanying paper will show, there are two Lloydminsters, one in Saskatchewan, and one in Alberta. The fourth principal meridian runs directly through the place, so that on one side is the town of Lloydminster, Sask., and on the other is the village of the same name in Alberta. Locally, they are called the "Twin Cities" of the West.

Yours truly,
LLOYDMINSTERITE.

How Can it be "Canadian National"?

TORONTO, AUGUST 26th, 1908.

Editor Saturday Night: Will you kindly inform us by what right Collier's, a typical American periodical, should establish itself in a Canadian city and call itself "The National Weekly"?

I lived many years in New York and do not remember ever picking up a copy of this publication without finding some sort of sneer at the British, either in the home countries or the colonies; and to find on returning home that it has established itself here as a "national weekly" is a little too much. It is not the custom of the press of older and more dignified nations to hold their peoples up to ridicule or offer them insults through their columns; and this fact alone would teach anyone who has read the New York editions and who is not an American, that this paper could not be a Canadian "national weekly." We have our roots in an old civilization that has had time to progress steadily, rationally and lastingly. We remember some of the things our "mother" taught us, and one of these is national dignity. We respect ourselves and our family. At the tercentenary celebration we yelled and howled when Mr. Fairbanks came along because we knew he would not understand any other form of greeting, and we wished to be pleasant to company; but we lifted our hats in dignified courtesy when "one of our own" came along. We celebrate our holidays by boating, picnicking, visiting and having a general jolly good time, but our invalids are not brought to death's door by an all day racket and senseless and savage noise. Reason in all things is another thing we learned, and it helps us to keep our heads cool and send the warmth where it belongs—to our hearts.

A Canadian can read the home papers when away from home, not only with appreciation, but with fairness, and if there is such a thing as a Canadian National Weekly, it is the Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT, to my mind. I should like to see this impudent foreigner squelched.

Yours truly,
A CONSTANT READER.

Bliss Carman's Long Nights.

POETS like to sing songs of the sunrise, but very few of them ever care to witness that daily miracle. Bliss Carman doesn't, at any rate. He hates the morning, and consequently makes a practise of sleeping through it. Indeed, just in order to avoid the morning, he has been known to sit up nearly all night, the better to assure a doze until noon.

One day, (says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine) at about eleven a.m., a candid friend called on Carman and had to wake him out of a sound slumber. "Look here, Bliss," he remonstrated, "what are you doing in bed at this hour?"

"I was up late last night," yawned the poet, painfully struggling back to consciousness.

"Well," commented the candid friend, "you're simply bound to shorten your days by the sort of life you're leading."

Carman stretched most unpoetically. "No doubt," he said, "but if I'm shortening my days, I'm at least lengthening my nights."

The Prince of Wales' Family.

THE children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are enjoying the holiday season at Frogmore, their favorite residence. When Prince Edward arrived there recently, fresh from his studies at Osborne College, he found an inscription, "Welcome Home," in bright colored flowers and leaves up over the entrance of the house, which was also decked with flags and bunting in honor of the big brother's homecoming. This was the work of Princess Mary, Prince Albert and Prince Henry.

It is not at all holiday time at Frogmore, however, for the schoolroom is used for an hour or two every morning. After lessons come exercises, in which the children are drilled by an old Cameron Highlander whose tunic is covered with medals.

Once the duties of the day are finished come rides up the broad avenue and into Windsor Park. The older children, Edward, Albert, Henry and Mary, all ride well, and John and George are just beginning to have lessons.

Besides the rides there are countless games of cricket, and in these also the little Princess joins with a will. Sometimes Prince Albert and Prince Henry have been allowed to play with certain small boys from Eton College or from St. George's School, Windsor, and then the Princess looks on and keeps score carefully.

Boating and fishing are also favorite sports and the

vicinity of Frogmore affords both. Prince Edward's miniature brig, the Edward Seventh, named after the giver, is moored close by and the boys climb up the masts and talk to the two old sailors who are always on board and who are willing to spin seafaring yarns, without end, to the boys.

All the children are excellent swimmers and like the water. Cycling, too, they enjoy and take brisk rides around the beautiful grounds, managing their wheels like experts. Cameras play an important part in the holiday sports.

Naturally, they seldom leave their own grounds, but when they go for occasional walks into the town of Windsor they cause a tremendous stir. Every one wishes to have a look at the future King and so Prince Edward is the centre of attraction.

They are a healthy, happy lot of youngsters, quite like other children in the tricks they play on one another, the games they have together and the occasional small squabbles over trifles. The only really unhappy times any of them have, come when Princess Mary must sit at home and learn fancy work or basket making.

Tafts of Away Back.

THE Tafts—those who at present are the Tafts—hail ancestrally from Uxbridge, Mass., (says the New York Sun). They say that Tafts are so thick in Uxbridge that even a woman can't throw a stone there without hitting one.

Some years ago—in 1874, to be exact—there was a Taft reunion in Uxbridge to which descendants of the original Robert Taft came flocking from all parts of the country. One of the conspicuous features of the affair was an historical address by Alphonso Taft, father of the present Republican candidate. He traced the history of various branches of the family, and when he came to the one to which he and his children belonged he said:

"Our family have not embarked much upon national politics, except that they have shared in the battles of the country when national independence was to be won and also when the Union was at stake. But brilliant political careers have not been characteristic of the Tafts in the past. It is not safe to say what may be in store for them. There is a tide in the affairs of men and also of families."

This is taken from the account of the reunion published at the time. Alphonso Taft would perhaps have been somewhat dazzled if he could have foreseen how quickly and brilliantly the family would proceed to "embark upon national politics." He himself started the turn of the tide which he predicted. It seems to be reaching its flood in the career of the son who that year was entering Yale.

As Alphonso Taft described his immediate ancestors one sees where his son got certain characteristics. Peter Taft (1715) was "a large, good looking man of magnanimous disposition." He had four sons.

Aaron, the candidate's ancestor, was also so magnanimous that he lost money by indorsing a friend's notes; he was a man "of great intelligence and integrity." And then, going somewhat further back, there was Capt. William Taft, who took Barney Castle in the sixteenth century "by blarney quite as much as by military prowess." Good stock was Capt. William from which to make a twentieth century Secretary of War William.

No Questions Allowed.

WHEN a certain member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet took up his portfolio he was much impressed by the business-like rapidity with which his colored messenger fed him with a great number of papers and letters to sign.

One day (says Lippincott's) the Secretary was going through the process like a well-oiled machine, the messenger shuffling the documents toward him one by one and carefully arranging them on their return trip.

All at once the Secretary's attention was attracted by a few words in a letter. They held his attention for some time. He began to harbor some doubt. "What's all this about, anyway?" the Secretary murmured to himself.

Whereupon the messenger indicated with his finger a certain blank space in the paper. "I don't know what the nature of the paper is, sir," he said in a decisive tone that brooked no contradiction, "but you put your name right there, sir."

An Emperor's Simple Life.

IT no doubt surprised many to read in the newspapers that the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria went for his first ride in a motor-car the other day. Those who know the Emperor intimately, however, (says M. A. P.) are aware that he is no lover of the modern craze for novel sensations, and so long as he can lead "the simple life," and have plenty of hard work to keep his mind from dwelling on the past events of his singularly unhappy life, he is satisfied. There is probably no other living monarch who has had so many misfortunes as has the Emperor of Austria, and the crowning grief of all was the assassination of the Empress by an Italian anarchist. When his Majesty heard the dreadful news he is said to have exclaimed: "I see I am not to be spared any single misfortune in this world."

"We hope," says the American of New York, "that Canada will keep on growing, and keep on getting richer, for one of these days she is going to be a part of this great country, and fly the American flag." This is great encouragement, and Canada, we hear, has decided to keep on pegging away.—Punch.

WERE the contest to be decided upon some issue concerned with the foreign relations of the Republic, notes the Journal des Debats, a paper which is hostile to the Monroe doctrine and on the whole conservative, Taft would be elected beyond all doubt. Taft understands the naval situation in the world at large. He has a grasp and a comprehension of military problems. He is at home in the work of colonial administration. He has travelled around the world on diplomatic missions. "It may be doubted if Europe to-day possesses a statesman with a keener insight into the problems of world politics. If the United States became embroiled in any question of worldwide importance, like the Morocco difficulty of the dispute over Venezuela, Taft, as President, would have the firmness, the tact and the patience to gain every advantage for his own country. Americans, however, seldom concentrate their attention for long upon international problems. Taft's availability from this point of view may not avail him much." Mr. Bryan is wise, the French daily adds, in ignoring world problems. He can stand no comparison with his opponent as an authority on those matters which concern the relations of the great powers with one another.—Current Literature (New York).

KING WILLIAM and Queen Charlotte, of Wurtemberg, recently made a balloon ascension with Count von Zeppelin, an experience said to be unique among members of royal families.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 34, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, SEPT. 3.
WHILE money is in ample supply in Canada, there is no desire on the part of bankers to encourage either speculation or general business. They continue to hold on to their funds, which are gradually increasing month by month. The scare of last year is still fresh in their minds. Trade is of smaller proportions, and there is less opportunity for the investment of capital abroad, owing to its abundance in almost every large centre. There is a good deal of discrimination in making loans, and only naturally. Certain large houses with A1 credit, who got the accommodation needed last year, for the reason that they were in a position to liquidate their indebtedness when called upon to do so, have not the slightest difficulty now in obtaining the necessary accommodation. Call loans to such houses have recently been made at 5 per cent. This compares with 6 to 6 1-2 per cent. a year ago. It can truthfully be said that money is easier, although many small houses, whose credit is not of the best, may dispute the statement. A great many financially weak concerns found little difficulty in getting money in 1904 to 1907, but for the present there is a decided change in this respect. In the years stated they practically got too much money, and the present stringency, as far as they are concerned, is the result of a too liberal supply in what we generally term the booming period. Canada continues to draw down her balances in New York, and our imports of gold from there amount to about \$13,000,000 in the past two months. Some say this gold import is from London, but by way of New York. We have floated a good many securities in London this year, but our imports of merchandise during that period, although showing a great falling off, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, were nevertheless much greater than our exports of produce for a similar period.

The flotations of new bonds and stocks abroad, which are steadily increasing year by year, necessarily entail a larger annual interest to be paid outside the country. But there is no fear of repudiation of this interest while our crops increase in abundance. The surplus of Canadian grain this year will be the largest on record, and such fact naturally increases the confidence of British lenders. The payment of our interest account abroad comes of course from the sale of our grain and other produce in British or foreign markets.

The imports of gold referred to seem to be brought about in an ordinary business way. There is no demand here at present for drafts on New York, they being quoted at a discount of 1-4 to 5-16. Then, money is so plentiful in New York, with interior points sending currency weekly to the big centre, that Canadian money held in New York to lend on call, has no market. The call rate there is about 1 per cent., and in such a case it is unprofitable for banks to keep money there. We will have plenty of currency in Canada to take care of the crops this year. Including the emergency currency, which has been explained in previous issues, our banks, if they find it necessary, will be able to increase their circulation over \$60,000,000 the next three months.

The local security market has not been as active this week, but in spite of considerable liquidation, some issues show a further advance. Business of Friday last week was on a larger scale than for several years. Generally speaking, the public is not active in the market. The foreign issues listed here were the ones in which the largest transactions were made. These have been taken chiefly for London account, and large interests who were influential in bringing them to the attention of outsiders, have made considerable money. However, there are a number of Canadian stocks which are receiving increased attention, and as money is offering more freely, these issues are likely to give a better account of themselves in the near future.

The directors of the Northern Navigation Company have decided to issue \$500,000 bonds, which will bear 5 per cent. per annum. This will be the first issue of bonds and the only liability of the company beside its common stock, which paid 8 per cent. the past year. The issue price of the bonds will be about 93. A new boat is to be constructed with the proceeds. The contract with the Grand Trunk Railway on a favorable basis for the next ten years calls for the construction of a new steamer forthwith, and another later on if the traffic required it. The Grand Trunk statement for the half-year was much better than expected, owing to the reduction in June operating expenses and the method of bookkeeping. Last June extraordinary expenses were charged up against the month, including the pension fund of \$40,000.

The character of the Wall Street market is pretty well illustrated by the way it ignores adverse news like southern floods, which destroyed a lot of cotton, besides inflicting other damage, and likewise some items of crop news.

The year 1908 is likely to be distinguished by economy until its end. The people at large cannot change from waste to frugality, and back again, as Wall Street speculators can. The "Street" gets ahead of the community at large and is spending money lavishly many months before the farming classes do this thing. And, in spite of promising crops and high prices for some of them, these classes will probably be found husbanding resources until Wall Street has finished discounting the next period of prosperity. Then there is another error commonly made in generalizing upon crop values and the accruing benefits. Distinguished authority is estimating this value at approximately \$8,000,000,000, for the year 1908. This is arrived at by multiplying all the crops by an arbitrary price.

That is well in a way, and yet in practice only a portion of the grain crops ever go to market as grain. A considerable part does go that way, while the rest is retained for seed and feed. As a generalization upon gross value or products the higher figures do fairly well, but when it comes to net earnings to the farmer great reductions have to be made. When it is stated that the average net farm income probably does not exceed 4 per cent. the \$8,000,000,000 product per year and the buying power of the farmer shrink significantly. Whether the farmer will lay by considerable of this 4 per cent. the present

year is a factor of moment in forecasting the business situation. And Wall street could do worse than consider this matter in banking upon what is ahead.

Evidence accumulates of the extraordinary abundance of money at home and abroad. The principal banks of Europe and New York are today carrying \$2,680,000,000 against \$2,360,000,000 a year ago, or an increase this year of \$320,000,000. The New York Associated Banks have gained more money from the country and their excess reserve now exceeds \$65,000,000. Under these circumstances interest rates at all financial centres in Europe and here remain extremely low, and unless both business and speculation broaden to an extent not now anticipated money rates this fall will be easier than at any similar period in modern times. It is quite probable that the next gold movement will be from London to New York, to settle for large exports of cotton and grain. The receipt of fresh supplies of gold from that quarter will keep money rates in New York unusually low the last quarter of the year.

In a recent interview, Lieut.-Col. G. A. Stinson, of this city, and who lately arrived from London, said that while many Canadian issues were not snapped up by the public on the initial offering, the underwriters were not at all concerned, and, in most cases, they have since made a double profit, their commission on the underwriting and the advance over the issue price. He found also that the keenness of the English market was shared by United States financiers, who were especially impressed by the magnitude and success of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In an interview in the London Financialer, he explained the abundance of Canadian demands on London this year by saying that, whereas till recently it had been customary for the Canadian banks to finance operations in progress for Governments, municipalities and private enterprise, they were less accommodating last year, owing to the monetary stringency. The result was that money needed for legitimate and pressing requirements had to be sought outside the Dominion, and that there were a number of candidates in the field at the same time.

President Roosevelt's Commission on Farm Life.

DESIRING to improve social, sanitary, and economic conditions on American farms, President Roosevelt has asked Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the New York College of Agriculture, at Ithaca; Henry Wallace, of Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Ia.; Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst; Gifford Pinchot, of the United States Forest Service, and Walter H. Page, editor of the *World's Work*, New York, to assist him by acting as a committee of investigation, or "commission on country life." "I should be glad," he says, "to have your report before the end of next December." He intends to use it in making recommendations to Congress.

In a long letter to Professor Bailey he sets forth his purpose. "No nation," he says at the beginning, "has ever achieved permanent greatness unless this greatness was based on the well-being of the great farmer class, the men who live on the soil; for it is upon their welfare, material and moral, that the welfare of the rest of the nation ultimately rests." He believes that our farmers are better off than they ever were before, but he asserts that "the social and economic institutions of the open country are not keeping pace with the development of the nation as a whole."

"I doubt," says the President, "if any other nation can bear comparison with our own in the amount of attention given by the Government, both Federal and State, to agricultural matters. But practically the whole of this effort has hitherto been directed toward increasing the production of crops. Our attention has been concentrated almost exclusively on getting better farming. In the beginning this was unquestionably the right thing to do. The farmer must first of all grow good crops in order to support himself and his family. But when this has been secured the effort for better farming should cease to stand alone, and should be accompanied by the effort for better business and better living on the farm. It is at least as important that the farmer should get the largest possible return in money, comfort and social advantages from the crops he grows as that he should get the largest possible return in crops from the land he farms. Agriculture is not the whole of country life. The great rural interests are human interests, and good crops are of little value to the farmer unless they open the door to a good kind of life on the farm."

"It is especially important that whatever will serve to prepare country children for life on the farm, and whatever will brighten home life in the country and make it richer and more attractive for the mothers, wives, and daughters of farmers, should be done promptly, thoroughly and gladly. There is no more important person, measured in influence upon the life of a nation, than the farmer's wife, no more important home than the country home, and it is of national importance to do the best we can for both."

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their full share of public attention along the lines of business and social life. There is too much belief among all our people that the prizes of life lie away from the farm. I am therefore anxious to bring before the people of the United States the question of securing better business and better living on the farm."

Mr. Wilbur Wright, whose aeroplane experiments in France are now being followed with universal interest, is one of two brothers hailing from the United States, where for years they have been studying the problem of flight. Originally bicycle-makers, the two young mechanics, Orville and Wilbur Wright, now just turned thirty years of age each, were first attracted to the subject by newspaper accounts of what was being done to conquer the air. They then made paper gliders, and watched them float around in their machine-shop in Ohio, until they were satisfied that a man-lifting machine, on the same principle, could be constructed. From this time forward, their experiments become more and more practical; but so closely have the two brothers kept their secret, that, while it is certain that they have made long flights in the air, very little is known about their machine itself.

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WHEN Louis the king is Louis the man
'Tis Love, the uncanonized, rules at court
With frolic and revel and moon-lit sport;
Let the queen go sulk and the priests go hang—
Quick, comrade, your bow to the Montepan
And a ready brain for a quick retort—
When Louis the king is Louis the man.

When Louis the king is Louis of France,
It's showing of purple and flood of gold,
And a steady hilt for your hand to hold;
Grave ministers, scholars—ambassadors.
A stately feast and a decorous dance,
A bow to the Montepan touched with cold—
When Louis the King is Louis of France.

When Louis the king is Louis the priest
The court is as sad as a dog in Lent;
There's cardinal, bishop and penitent
(And Montepan praying for audience),
A funeral face at a dreary feast—
I faith, but our knees are forever bent
When Louis the king is Louis the priest.

L'Envoi.

True to the church is Louis the priest,
True to France is Louis the king;
Faithful ever, to praise him least,
Though never at once to the selfsame thing.
But true to himself and the Montepan
Is Louis the man, is Louis the Man!
—Theodosia Garrison, in Life.

Story of a Famous Musician.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," who was struck by an orange while conducting his opera, "Mascher," at Leghorn the other night, is one of the most interesting, as he is one of the most notable, of living musicians. Like most other musical geniuses he is practically a self-made man, and in his early days had to put up with many rebuffs and hardships. The turning point in his career came with the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," the one opera which, so far, has entitled him to a place in the ranks of the great. Like most Italians, he is extremely superstitious, and is said to carry about with him numerous mascots which he believes will assure him continued success. The most curious of these charms are the first teeth of his two children, which he wears on his watch chain, and which, he avers, have never failed to bring him luck.

The story of how Signor Mascagni's beautiful "Intermezzo" was given to the world is a very interesting one. It is related by London M. A. P. When he first married, he and his wife were almost penniless, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. In despair, Mascagni sat down, determined to do or die, and after weeks of continual work, composed the music of "Cavalleria Rusticana." He sent the score to a publisher in an agony of trepidation, and a hope seemed taken from him when, shortly afterwards, his beloved music was returned to him. Things had reached a serious pass when one day he heard that a money prize had been offered by an Italian newspaper for the best two-act opera, and with tears in her eyes his wife begged him to try and win it with the rejected work.

Mascagni was so upset at his failure, however, that at first he would not consent to enter "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the prize; but in desperation he at last gave in, and after a frugal meal took the rejected score from a drawer, and began to look through it. Then it was that the inspiration of his life came to him, and with feverish fingers he wrote out the world-renowned "Intermezzo," which he added to the opera, and which has since made his name known throughout the length and breadth of Europe. But when it was finished despair again seized him, and he flung the "Intermezzo" into the fireplace. Luckily for the world, his wife came in at that moment, and was just in time to save the precious MS. from the fire. In due course, "Cavalleria Rusticana" was sent to the committee chosen by the newspaper to judge of the best opera sent in; and no sooner had the "Intermezzo" been played by the orchestra than it was unanimously decided to give Mascagni the prize.

Alexandra at Home.

FEW people (we are reminded by Town and Country) can realize the comparative simplicity of the every day life of Queen Alexandra, especially when in Scotland or at Sandringham. While in Norfolk the Queen spends much of her time in the open air, walking, driving and doing short expeditions in her motor car.

After breakfast she and one or more of the several ladies who may be staying in the house make an expedition to kennels, stables and poultry yard to feed and interview the favorite dogs, horses and poultry of the establishment. In the afternoon a drive is arranged and the evenings pass cheerily with music, cards and conversation. Dinner at Sandringham is always at 8.45.

It may be mentioned that the royal servants' liveries have a quaint old-world appearance and are different in cut to those seen elsewhere. The coats are scarlet, made in the swallowtail style, with dark blue waistcoats edged by narrow gold braid. The men wear no collars, but have gold stocks; and white satin breeches and white silk stockings complete their stately costume. All the royal men servants are over six feet in height.

The Queen is an indefatigable letter writer. She has been known to write as many as forty letters in one day with her own hand; and Miss Knollys, her lady-in-waiting, often would get through a hundred, all written under the Queen's personal supervision. Queen Alexandra's note paper is cream colored and rather rough, with the royal crown and address in dark blue and of the simplest design.

During the shooting season the Queen sends a great deal of game to her own particular friends, and the hampers are labelled "With the Queen's compliments." At Christmas time she often presents her intimates with a signed photograph of herself in a silver frame. Queen Alexandra is a keen photographer and has transferred some of her photographs on to China.

The British Leaders Contrast.

THE figure of Mr. Balfour has stood out more conspicuously this summer than at any previous period of the present Parliament," says the always interesting Parliamentary correspondent of The British Weekly. "His air of distinction seems somehow to have become more manifest and to have more vividly impressed the House. There is, perhaps, nobody on the Treasury Bench, except Mr. Lewis Harcourt, who has equal dignity and elegance. The tall, thin frame in the long, black coat; the intellectual, meditating, scheming facts; the head widening to the back, with its lining of gray hair, form a picture

which pleases the eye and undoubtedly affects the imagination of the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour's debating power is now fully appreciated even by those new members who two years ago wondered how he had formally mastered the House. It is unsurpassed in any quarter, and it is the more conspicuous when set off by the pale performances of his colleagues."

Of Mr. Asquith this correspondent says: "All sections of Liberals acquiesced with unexpected unanimity in his appointment and have cordially endorsed his policy as leader. Almost every speech that he has delivered has raised him politically in their esteem. Labor members and Nationalists also have shown for him not only consideration, but even good-will. It is in manner, in the little passages of life, that he has caused some slight anxiety. Although his heart has been warmed by friendliness, he is still in danger of causing offence by curtness. He omits the soft phrase which reconciles a friend to an unfavorable reply. A single, sharp, sentence, uttered in a hard, clinching tone, has chilled a friend. Obviously no snub is intended, and no lack of sympathy is indicated, but there is a certain coldness in his manner which contrasts disagreeably with the more urbane and elaborate style."

A Striking Anti-Bryan Cartoon.

THE Chicago Tribune is printing cartoons with the legend "Has Republican Rule Been Beneficial to the People?" One of these cartoons depicts Col. Bryan, in 1896, as a hard-working newspaper man, and in 1908 sitting in his home at Lincoln with a huge safe beside him, looking through the stained glass windows which Col. Guffey, of Pennsylvania, sent to him. The cartoon is entitled, "Object Lesson No. 1.—The Workingman," and then follows the subjoined:

In our Lesson to-day we will consider the Workingman.

Has he prospered under Republican Rule? Let us see.

Here we have Two Pictures.

In Chart No. I, we find the Workingman as he was in 1896, during a Democratic Administration.

He is working as a Reporter for \$25 per week. A Mortgage is on his Little Home. Prosperity is a Stranger to him. It is a struggle to make Both Ends meet. Sometimes he has to resort to Patches to accomplish the Desired Result.

In the next picture, Chart No. II, the same Workingman is seen after twelve years of Republican Rule. He is sleek and fat. He has prospered in spite of the Bad Scare of 1900. Instead of working as a Reporter he Owns his Own Paper. The Mortgage has disappeared from his Little Home, and, instead, he Owns a Fine Large Country House with Many Acres of Rich Land surrounding it. He has travelled Far and Wide. He has talked and dined with Kings and Emperors. He has fine Stained Glass windows instead of ordinary ones. His house is filled with Beautiful Trophies from Distant Lands.

His Income is \$1,000 a week or more.

Has Republican Rule benefited him? We ask to know.

In 1896 Col. Bryan was the political correspondent of the Omaha World-Herald at the Republican national convention at St. Louis, which nominated President McKinley the first time.

The King Meets with Odd Experiences.

ONE of the chief nuisances from which royalties suffer when they are trying to take a holiday free from the trammels of state is that of being mobbed by the curious. King Edward has suffered so much from this in certain places that they have lost his patronage, which means the loss of a good revenue to them, for where the King goes the fashion follows.

At Marienbad they try to protect him as much as possible. This year the authorities posted notices praying the people not to molest him and threatening offenders with condign punishment. In consequence, it is reported, the King has suffered less annoyance from public curiosity than in any former year. But the other night, as he sat at a table beneath the trees among the general public, listening to the band, an amusing incident happened. It is told as follows by the London correspondent of the New York Sun:

Seven persons sat at the King's table, and there were two vacant places, when suddenly a woman of somewhat shabby appearance, searching for a seat, tried to appropriate one of them, not recognizing the King. A flurried waiter instantly rushed forward to dislodge the intruder, but the King said:

"Let her remain; don't incommode her on my account."

The waiter thereupon placed another table close to the King's for her. The woman, however, stared at the King so rudely and persistently that the waiter reappeared, and, seizing her small table, carried it twenty paces.

The woman, who was left sitting without a table before her, was greeted with a roar of laughter as she rose, and, following the table, sat down again, not in the least disconcerted, and levelled her lorgnette at the King with the utmost composure.

Queen Victoria's complaint against the terrible summer heat and the equally trying winter cold of the Spanish capital precipitates the question of the advisability of moving the government to Barcelona. Latest indications are that the matter may be compromised; that Madrid may remain the fall and spring capital, while Barcelona may become the summer and winter capital. The reasons for keeping the government at Madrid appear to be largely sentimental and economic; it is the old capital of the long line of Spanish rulers extending back for centuries, and the opposition to moving the government the seat of the kingdom would be enormous and the finances of the nation are none too prosperous. Madrid is situated unfavorably from almost any standpoint. The surrounding plateau is treeless, exposing the city to the scorching south winds in summer and to the frigid breezes that descend from the snow-covered Sierra Guadarrama in winter. In contrast with this uncomfortable situation Barcelona's equable climate, due in large part to her position on the Mediterranean, appeals strongly to the Spanish love of ease. Barcelona has long been the commercial centre of Spain.

The most enduring memorial of Bishop Potter is the great, unfinished cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, which will have cost, it is estimated, over \$20,000,000 when it is completed, well on in the present century. This was his own conception, and it was his influence alone that secured the financial backing which made its commencement possible.

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as much as she ought to love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him, she won't ask him.—Evening Sun.

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A CANADIAN IN NEW YORK

CRIME, like everything else, is said to go in waves or cycles. At any rate there is just now a wave of lawlessness passing over this country. Not to mention individual murder cases—the Hains case is the one that is attracting attention now, chiefly because the slayer is an officer in the army; but these are murders of the ordinary kind every day—these are the awful actions of the mob at Springfield, Ill., and elsewhere, so that in 60 days 27 negroes were lynched, some being burned to death. Then there is the utter disregard at Atlantic City, N.J., of the State Law prohibiting liquor-selling on Sunday, so that no grand jury will, upon any evidence whatever, bring in a true bill, the sentiment of the community being so overwhelmingly in favor of the breaking of the law. When one considers all these things, one can easily believe that there are 8,000 murders annually in the United States, that more persons are lynched than are put to death legally, that the average length of a life-sentence in this State is 8-12 years, and that a man with money cannot be put to death by the law in New York; the criminal lawyers will not permit it; they want his money too much. The Thaw case is typical. Thaw, as everyone knows, has been in an asylum for insane criminals; but naturally he wishes to get out; and so has applied for an adjudication in bankruptcy, for a divorce, for all sorts of things. But New Yorkers do not wish to hear anything more of Thaw; there are so many other things of interest in the world of New York. The result is that nothing more will be heard or thought of the matter again until some newspaper paragrapher remarks in his column, "By the way, who knows where Thaw is?" And then someone will jump up and say: "Thaw! why, I saw him in Vienna a few days ago, and he said that the prison rest was just what he needed, and that he had never felt so well before in his life." It may be laid down broadly that the administration of criminal justice in the United States is nothing but a farce. There may be some remote parts of the country inhabited by quiet, old-fashioned people, where crimes are duly and adequately punished; but these are like angels' visits. Notwithstanding the many excellent things of which the United States may boast, and the many respects in which they lead the world, in one respect, at any rate, they are behind all other civilized nations in the prevalence of crime, the ridiculous administration of criminal law. For example, the city of New York, with a population two-thirds that of London has ten times as many murders; while this country as a whole, allowance being made for the difference in population, has 25 times as many murders and other crimes of violence as has the Dominion of Canada.

What is the cause of this terrible condition of affairs, it may be asked. Why is the American Republic the most lawless nation in the world? There are many causes or reasons.

(1) The presence of a large foreign population, the quality of which has greatly deteriorated in the last few years. It is estimated that 20,000 South Italians live in New York alone by terrorizing the rest of the Italian population (700,000 in all) with threats of death and destruction of property. This explanation, however, will not explain the fearful condition of affairs in, say, some parts of Kentucky and Tennessee up in the mountains. These districts have, however, been the home for generations of a lawless folk, who, in spite of their homely virtues, believe that every man should right his own wrong, and who are the descendants of outlaws and refugees from even pre-Revolution days. This explanation fails in many other parts of the country, but, in general, the flooding of the country with an inferior class of immigrants is one of the explorations of the terrible prevalence of crime.

(2) Race hatred and prejudice. And this is a very peculiar thing; the ordinary American, although in some ways a very fair man, has a vast amount of race prejudice, or, as he would call it, proper race pride. That a colored man should, as in Canada, sit as a member of a city council, is something unthinkable to him; and that British cricketers should be willing every Saturday afternoon here to play a match with the West Indians (colored) is to him a perpetual marvel. There is in him even yet a great deal of the old idea that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

(3) The legacy of Revolutionary days. Now, the Revolution may have been justified or it may not; but one thing is certain; it was accompanied from its inception by lawlessness and criminality to an extent which is just beginning to be recognized by American historians, even although the newspapers of the day were wont to describe the tarrings and featherings as having been done in so very quiet and orderly a manner that there could be no reasonable objection to them. Moreover, the Revolution drove out multitudes of the best citizens of the country. To the Revolution, then, whatever good it effected, must very largely be attributed the low general tone that has prevailed in the United States in contrast to that prevailing in Canada and other British colonies.

(4) The utter lack of confidence in the administration of the criminal law. Why is it that there is in this country so little confidence in the courts? Why is it that, wherever you go, you hear quiet, respectable persons cry out, upon the capture of a person supposedly guilty of a heinous crime, "Lynch the Nigger," "Burn the Villain" (accompanied with many unprintable expressions)? Why is all this? That is, as Kipling says, "another story."

CANADIAN.

"When the West Controls."

THE Victoria Colonist says: The Calgary Herald thinks that the census of 1921 will give the West political control of the Dominion. What is meant by this is probably nothing more than that the number of representatives from the western provinces will be sufficient to control parliament, if they decide to work together. We look upon such a combination as unlikely, and therefore upon the expression, "When the West Controls," chiefly as a figure of speech. Canada has had seven premiers. Of these, three, Macdonald, Mackenzie and Bowell were from Ontario; two, Thompson and Tupper, from Nova Scotia, and two, Abbott and Laurier, from Quebec. For twenty-five and a half years Ontario premiers have been in power, for thirteen and a half years Quebec premiers have administered affairs, leaving a little over two years during which Nova Scotians were at the helm.

To a certain extent it is probably true that the long pre-eminence of Ontario and Quebec in this respect has been due to the greater population of those provinces, but this does not explain it wholly. Much must be conceded to the ability of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Since Confederation more than one hun-

dred and twenty persons have held seats in the Dominion Cabinet, and of these only four have been residents of the West, that is of the country west of the Great Lakes. This is certainly somewhat of a meagre representation, and it can hardly be claimed that the West has had its share. At the present time, out of sixteen departments, not including the office of Solicitor General, who is not in the Cabinet, three, namely the Interior, Inland Revenue and Mines are in the hands of Western men, Mr. Templeman holding the two last named. We are certainly a long way short of approaching anything like control, and we will have to make pretty lively progress if, during the next decade and a half, we can advance a claim to any such position.

We do not know that it is desirable that the West should control, and we are greatly opposed to the idea that sectional consideration, should have anything more than a minimum weight in the management of public affairs. At the same time it is inevitable that the West shall in the course of time come to occupy a much more prominent and influential place in the councils of the Dominion than it now does. This is a matter, however, in which the personal equation will count for much. When the West produces a leader he will doubtless lead. At the same time no one can point out in advance what the qualities necessary for leadership are. Conspicuous ability is not enough, and everyone familiar with the history of our politics can easily recall facts which establish this. A leader must fit the opportunity. We have much faith in the evolution of leaders, for our reading of history shows that men control their era less than their era controls them. They do not create but are the products of epochs. At the same time the course of political events in the United States shows that political supremacy may, like the star of empire, westward take its way.

John Randolph as a Protector of Nature.

MANY stories have been told of the various idiosyncrasies of that brilliant and eccentric American statesman, John Randolph, of Roanoke. The Youth's Companion quotes from Powhatan Bouldin's "Home Reminiscences" a story which shows his peculiar veneration for growing things. The incident is related as follows by a friend of Randolph's nephew:

When I was a boy I visited at Roanoke. The house was completely environed by trees and underwood, and seemed to be in a dense virgin forest. Mr. Randolph would not permit even a switch to be cut near the house.

Without being aware of this, one day I committed a serious trespass. My friend Tudor and I were roving about, when I, perceiving a straight young hickory about an inch thick, felled it.

Tudor said his uncle would be very angry, so I immediately went and informed him what I had ignorantly done, and expressed my regret.

Mr. Randolph took the stick and looked pensively at it as if commiserating its fate. Then, gazing at me, he said:

"I would not have had this done for fifty Spanish-milled dollars!"

I had seventy-five cents and had entertained some idea of offering it, but when I heard about the fifty dollars I was afraid of insulting him by such meagre compensation.

"Did you want this for a cane?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"No, sir."

"No, you are not old enough to need a cane. Did you want it for any particular purpose?"

"No, sir. I only saw that it was a pretty stick and thought I'd cut it."

"We can be justified in taking animal life only to furnish food or to remove a hurtful object. We cannot be justified in taking even vegetable life without some useful object in view. Now, God Almighty planted this thing, and you have killed it without any adequate object. It would have grown into a large nut tree and furnished food for many squirrels. I hope and believe you will never do so again."

"Never, sir, never!" I cried.

"He put the stick into a corner, and I escaped to Tudor. It was some time before I could cut a switch or fishing-rod without feeling I was doing some sort of violence to the vegetable kingdom."

The Tyranny of Parents.

FIRST they bring us into the world without our volition—then they educate us after their own ideas, or according to their means. They enjoy our childhood, precipitate us into lifelong mistakes, and bewail our ingratitude if, when the period of adolescence is reached, we do not choose them for our friends.

It is not only in France that a child must marry to be free. The boy that leaves home to escape his father's dominion, the girl whose letters "must contain something very wrong if she doesn't want her own mother to read them," are common to the civilized world.

The child by right may expect his parents "to protect his youth"—his body, that he may not be handicapped in the coming struggle; his mind, that he may have power to find and fill his own niche; but it is the child's niche, not the parent's, that he should be permitted, nay, encouraged, to seek. He may by right expect such advice as a veteran soldier might offer to a drummer-boy; as though the parent said, "I have travelled a little further along the way. Trust me now, and perhaps, after a while you will teach me."

But the parent has no more excuse for forcing the growing child to be a pocket edition of himself than he would have to rob of his most cherished possessions the guest who sojourns beneath his roof for a time. Indeed, he has less right, for the guest is not helpless—his individuality cannot be invaded, shaped for ends to which it is not native, deprived of the chance of self-expression; for which cause we were created separate entities—no two of us alike. Each child should be regarded as a fresh beginning, and given a fresh start free of old blunders.

The parent who is his child's friend is in a class by himself—a class which holds too few, since the very atmosphere of friendship is freedom. But when the period of ignorance and blind submission is past and the child awakes, reasons, questions, and judges, the parent will reap whatever he has sown. "To him that hath shall be given."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Senor Canella, rector of the Asturian University of Spain, has sent invitations to university professors and officials throughout the world to attend the tercentenary of that institution next month. The Asturian University was inaugurated at Oviedo in 1608 by the munificence of Fernando Valdes, on a foundation dating much further back. Of late years it has shown great intellectual activity and has exerted an important influence in modern Spanish culture.

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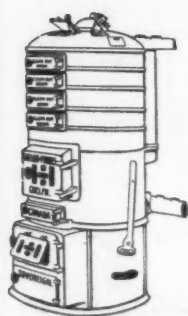
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

SIR LOUIS AND LADY JETTE are staying at the King Edward this week.

The twenty-second International Tennis Tournament, which was the centre of attraction at Niagara-on-the-Lake all last week, was the most successful in the annals of the Queen's Royal, which has been the scene of so many jolly tennis gatherings in former years. On Saturday afternoon over five hundred people were present to watch the finals on the velvety green courts, dappled with golden sunlight filtering through the interlaced branches of the maple trees. One of the many excellent innovations of the tournament was the augmented orchestra, which was stationed under the trees and played delightfully in the intervals of the game. So successful has been the present tournament that arrangements are already completed for additional courts next year, and a tournament to rival that held at Newport is assured for 1909, when Miss May Sutton, who was such an attraction last season, has promised to again take part, and other notabilities of the tennis world who are expected include Beals C. Wright, Larned and the Dohertys. This season the crack players were: Miss Wagner (New York), Miss Lois Moyes, Baird, Johnson, Irving Wright and Harry Avery, whose language continues as picturesque as ever. On Friday evening a smoking concert was held at the Golf Club, when about fifty tennis men were present and had a great time, as they contrived to do every night, smoker or not. Some of the performers were: Mr. Collins, Mr. H. Avery and Mr. Philp, who was, as usual, the star of the gathering. On Saturday evening the tournament was brought to a brilliant conclusion by the annual confetti dance, preceded by the presentation of the very handsome silver and cut glass prizes, which office was performed by Dr. Crawford, of Cincinnati, formerly U.S. Ambassador to Russia, who is spending the summer at the Queen's with his wife and daughter. Dr. Crawford made a most appropriate and eloquent speech, which was received with great applause by the audience, among whom were Mr. Stewart Houston and Mr. Scott Griffin, who contributed largely to the success of former tournaments during the time they acted as secretaries to the Queen's Royal; Mr. L. R. Cole, Mr. Harry Kirkover and Mr. Ralph Burns being the clever organizers to whom great credit is due for the signal success of the present event. At the close of the presentation the confetti throwing began and caused great delight among the young people, the dance being pronounced easily the most enjoyable of the many delightful dances of the season, the artistic decorations of the Casino and the rainbow cloud of confetti making a mise en scene not quickly forgotten. Mr. Aemilius Jarvis was over in his yacht and attended the dance accompanied by his daughters, Miss Marjorie Fellowes and Mr. Alan McIntosh. On September 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, two hundred and fifty members of the Canadian Indians (trap shooters) will meet at the Queen's Royal, which they will probably choose as their annual stamping ground. A bonfire and war dance will be one of the features of the Pow-Wow and the annual meeting will be held on the 11th. Some record catches of fish have been made by guests at the Queen's Royal during the past week, one man bringing in 102 fish, while Mr. Blain, of Cincinnati, a cousin of the ex-Secretary of State, made a haul of over twenty-five bass. Mr. Sydney Fitzgerald, who has been spending a couple of weeks at Niagara, is one of those who have enjoyed the dances in the Casino to the utmost and will probably scorn all Toronto floors after that satiny expanse of hardwood. The Misses McGill, who are leaving Niagara next week to accompany Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bickford to their shooting box, will be among those greatly missed at the dances, also Miss Dickerson, who has been staying at the Rectory and came over on Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Flora Garrett. Mrs. Thompson also came over to town on Tuesday and will later go to Buffalo for a flying visit to Mrs. Meadows, who has Miss Jessie Thompson staying with her now. Miss Violet Edwards will also visit Mrs. Meadows shortly. Mr. Stewart Houston, who was at the Queen's Royal for the week-end, proceeded to the Falls on Monday to stay with his father, the Ven. Archdeacon Houston. Mr. Doran motored down from Niagara Falls for the Saturday night dance, bringing Mr. Conquest and the Rev. Mr. Smith in his car, and a wedding party of twenty-five came down from the Falls on Monday to lunch at the Queen's. Mrs. Gail was the hostess of a bridge party on Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Thompson broke her record by not carrying off a prize.

Among those at the Queen's Royal just now are: Baron Sparra, one of Cleveland's leading tennis enthusiasts, who has been taking a keen interest in the tournament; Mr. E. B. Walker, Mr. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. R. McBain,

Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, who will stay until the house closes on Sept. 15th; Miss Thornhill, Mr. H. H. Williams, Mr. S. M. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mr. G. Medland, Mr. Charles Land, Mr. G. B. Henderson, Miss V. Henderson, Mrs. J. S. Lever, Miss Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Osborne, Mr. Frank Page, Mr. H. H. Love, Mr. R. Denison, Mr. Thomas Wilde, Mr. F. H. Russell, Miss M. Lawrence, Mr. E. Ruddy, Mr. J. D. Baily, Mr. L. E. Moodey, Miss Bessie Moyes, Miss Fairbairn, Miss Summerhayes, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright, accompanied by Mrs. Fritz Fox, were over for a few days; Mrs. C. E. Langley, the Messrs. Meldrum, Mr. Grant Brown and Mr. Samuel S. Martin.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's dance on Tuesday evening was not in the least spoiled by the warm rainy weather, one hundred and twenty-two people dining and half as many more coming over for the dance by later boats. Those giving dinners were: Mr. C. Ellis, Mr. G. S. McLeod, Mr. W. H. Bonnell, Mr. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. A. M. Simmonds, Mr. F. S. Orr, Mr. F. Stoker, Dr. Dinnick, Mr. G. L. Dobbin, Mr. J. C. Saul, Mr. R. N. Nevitt, Mr. M. H. Brown, Mr. W. A. Suckling, Mr. M. B. Hamilton, Dr. Grahame Chambers, Mr. J. J. Ardagh, Mr. L. S. Morrison, Dr. J. M. Cotton, Mr. J. W. Mitchell, Mr. F. M. Sloan, Mr. F. Hodson, Mr. W. Harvey, Mr. B. D. Lamont and Mr. W. Wilson. Some of the dancers were: Mrs. and Miss McLeod, Miss Davis, Miss Gertie Johnson, Miss Cunliffe, Mrs. Muirhead, Mrs. Thompson Christie, Miss R. Carson, Miss E. Watson, Miss Goad, Mrs. Rolph, Miss Crosby, Miss Marie Holstein, Miss E. Eastwood, Miss Alyce Cooke, Mrs. Arthur Massey, Miss Taylor, Miss Lambers, Miss Dixon, Miss Snelgrove, Miss Livingstone, Miss Walker, Miss Perry, Miss Galbraith, Miss Wurrell, Miss Shandlee, Miss Cotton, Miss Lamont, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. McMurtry, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Edna Meredith, Miss McCorkquodale, Mrs. George Chadwick, Miss Hulbert, Miss Yates, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Knox, Miss Trees, Miss Stanbury, Miss Echardt, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leigh Hammond and Mrs. McPherson.

Mr. J. H. Plummer is in town from Montreal.

Lady Mostin and her two daughters are at the Queen's Hotel.

The marriage of Miss Mary Miles to Mr. Herman Macdonald took place very quietly this week.

Mr. S. L. Barber, a magnate of Merriton, Conn., is at the King Edward, also Mrs. Ed. Cox.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Kerr to Mr. Harty, of Kingston, took place quietly on Thursday.

Mr. W. E. Bates and Mr. C. A. Smith are at the Windsor, Montreal.

The marriage of the Rev. Henry Thomas Forbes Duckworth, M.A., Dean of Trinity College, to Miss Hope Holland Hunt, was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon at Grace church, Brantford. The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon MacKenzie, of Grace church, and the Rev. Provost Maclellan, of Trinity College, and Mr. Jeffrey Hope, of Toronto, played the wedding music. The bride, given away by her brother, Mr. Curran Hunt, wore a beautiful gown of ivory crepe de chine and lace, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Muriel Johnstone (Detroit), and the maid of honor, Miss Christine Kammerer (Detroit), were gowned alike in maize crepe de chine with pearl passementerie and Duchesse lace, and hats to match. Mr. Eric Trevor Owen, of Toronto, acted as best man, and the ushers were: Messrs. Jack and Harold Stratford (Brantford), and Mr. R. J. Dove, of Whitby. After the ceremony a reception was held at 26 Charlotte street by the bride's mother, Mrs. Wellington Hunt, who wore a handsome black silk and lace gown and black hat. The Rev. Henry and Mrs. Duckworth left for Muskoka on their wedding trip, the bride wearing a dark blue tailor-made costume and hat to match. On their return they will reside in quarters at Trinity College.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hammond recently returned from spending a few weeks in London.

Miss Nita Hunt, of London, is the guest of the Misses Foy at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Fred Patterson, Mr. Norman Patterson, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Isabel Robertson and Miss Maud Boyd have all returned from Minnecoganashene this week.

Major-General and Mrs. Smith are staying at the Queen's hotel; also Mr. W. Molson McPherson.

Miss Florence Bell and her sister have returned from Muskoka.

The Argonaut Rowing Club's usual Monday dance will take place on Labor Day.

Mrs. F. J. Peterson and her daughters have returned from spending some weeks at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club will probably close for dinner next week.

The marriage of Mr. William J. Medland, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Medland, to Miss Isabel Marie Mills, youngest daughter of Mr. Dillon Mills, took place very quietly in St. Thomas's church on Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. Esnor Sharpe, rector of the church, officiating. After the ceremony Miss Dillon Mills held a reception at 538 Huron street. Mrs. McPherson (Paris) was in town for the wedding, the guest of Mrs. James E. McClung, in Poplar Plains road, and Mrs. Smith, also from Paris, stayed with Mrs. Cronyn in Huron street.

After an illness of some five months Mrs. T. Mitchell, wife of Mr. T. Mitchell, died at her late residence, 410 Wellesley street, on Monday. The deceased will be remembered as Miss Gertrude M. Briggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Nelson Briggs, Beatrice street. Miss Edna M. Briggs and Miss Winnifred L. Briggs, Toronto, are sisters, and Austin A. Briggs, London, a brother.

The marriage of Miss Mayme A. Dawson, daughter of Mr. William Dawson, and Mr. C. H. J. Snider, will be quietly celebrated in All Saint's church next Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock.

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JOURNALISTS all over the English-speaking world have begun to realize that before the education of a writer or a publicist is complete he must visit the Canadian West. The latest party of journalists to make the western trip is composed of the following well-known editors and correspondents: Robert R. Jones, managing editor Chicago Inter-Ocean; Richard H. Little, Chicago Record Herald, president Press Club of Chicago; William Hard, Everybody's Magazine; Hiram M. Greene, editorial writer American Press Association; George D. Richards, associate editor The World To-day; Elliott Flower, Pearson's Magazine; Bruce F. Barton, managing editor Home Herald (weekly), World's Events (monthly); Herbert Vander-

hoof, editor Canada West; John Lewis, editor Toronto Star; J. B. Tyrrell, of Toronto, the well-known topographer and engineer, and R. Grigg, the Imperial trade commissioner.

The members of the party have all been greatly impressed by the extent and apparent resources of the country. Mr. Jones, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, said to a reporter who interviewed him in Edmonton:

"We are surprised at your country. Glowing as the accounts of Canada have been we find the reality even better than has been written. The possibilities of wealth in this country are immense. Miles upon miles of wheat fields cannot fail to impress one with this fact, and even then the surface of the country seems but scratched. When you pass the frontier stage and begin to build substantial houses and have a steady source of income trade, possibilities with this country will be unlimited. It is there where we hope to benefit. We want a share of the vast trade from Western Canada. England is awakening to the fact that it is advisable to secure this trade. As an evidence of this fact we have in our party Richard Grigg, Imperial trade commissioner, who is making a close study of trade conditions in Canada and who is locating business agents throughout the country, in an effort to strengthen trade relations between Great Britain and Canada. We in the United States also want a share of your trade. We are glad to give you more settlers, for we hardly miss them from our eighty millions of a population, and we hope to be able to supply your coming demand for manufactured articles. This is not a mushroom growth. We have seen in our trip flourishing towns that have sprung up in a night, as it were, but I believe they will continue to grow and prosper and the people who come here, to benefit by the development of this vast country so rich in agricultural possibilities and natural resources."

ONE of the real old-timers of the West—one of the men whose reminiscences, when related, are as interesting as fiction, or more so, is now revisiting in an official capacity the country in which he lived away back in "the seventies." This is Mr. W. F. King, of Ottawa, who is commissioner for the survey of the boundary line from the Pacific to the Great Lakes and from the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. This survey is taking place under the treaty entered into last summer for the re-survey of the line and for the better marking of it. The old line is generally adhered to, but additional monuments have to be sometimes erected, as in the old survey the posts were placed too far apart.

Mr. King is also commissioner for

the survey of the Alaska boundary from the Portland Canal to the Arctic Ocean. This work has been going on for a couple of years, and is of a most interesting character, as the southern part of the line runs over mountains and glaciers, making the work of a very difficult character.

Mr. King went to the West as early as 1872, or two years before Col. Walker looked on the Calgary horizon. In 1872 he held a subordinate position on the international boundary survey from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies, the work being completed in 1874.

"At that time," said Mr. King to a Calgary newspaper interviewer, "buffalo roamed the plains in their thousands, making a very striking picture to one seeing them for the first time."

"Of course," said Mr. King, "there was very little of what is now the present city of Calgary. The first time I came here was in 1880. There were a few mounted police, the old Hudson Bay fort, and the store of I. G. Baker & Co., but very little else. They were all located, if I remember right, east of the Elbow, the town on the other side not building up until the advent of the railway."

"I remember," Mr. King went on, "the delightful time I used to have when we were coming on the banks of the Bow at that time. Sometimes, when I got tired of making observations, I would throw a line into the river. Many a trout a foot long did I pull out, making a very agreeable addition to our meals of bacon and beans."

After 1880, Mr. King was engaged in astronomical work on the prairies up to the North Saskatchewan, and he was also inspector of survey at the time of the construction of the C.P.R. He tells of the time when he lived in the first house in Medicine Hat, and says it is strange to come back and see what were once bare plains throbbing with life.

HERE is a typical Western editorial article, taken from the Calgary Daily Herald:

Wonderful are the ways and manifold are the duties of the mounted police. The latest story comes from Dawson. That is the place where the Klondyke Lyre used to be printed—and it never got over it.

Some truthful James sends out a stirring account of how a police officer and twenty men kept two of the Northern tribes from fighting to a cleaner finish than the Kilkeny cats.

To make the "human interest" end of it all right the correspondent "finds the woman" in the wife of a young buck. She, frivolous thing, showed her sex and partiality by giving a pair of moccasins to another. Hubby found it out and wanted to put the boots to him, too. Not being civilized, they went at it with weapons. Of course, when the untutored savage gets educated and such a circumstance arises, he walks up and shoots the other fellow while he is drinking punk lemonade in a roof garden, or else takes sneaks up behind a soil and gives an option on all the lead a 44 pistol will assay. But of course these were only plain buck Indians and didn't know any better, so they just kept on fighting until presumably the best man won. Then the correspondent tells of the cry for vengeance from his fellow-tribesmen, and the timely intervention of the police. It makes a real nice story.

The squaw? Oh! she married the buck who wasn't shot.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I was accumulating money of my own." "Yes," answered the graceless youth, "but don't you think the public was easier then than it is now?"—Washington Star.

"Bill Peake is the orator of the day. He has a splendid delivery." "But has he anything to deliver?"—Life.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.
STEWART—At "Fairview Farm," Lincoln, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stewart, a son.
ALLAN—In Toronto, Aug. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Allan, a daughter.
MACMILLAN—At the Cottage Hospital, Toronto, Aug. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Macmillan, of Princeton, N.J., a son.
SCOTT—At the Cottage Hospital, Toronto, Aug. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Scott, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

YEIGH—LAIRD—At Kingston, Sept. 2, Annie Louise, daughter of Rev. Robert and Mrs. Laird, to Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto.
JAFFRAY—BENSON—At St. John's Church, Port Hope, Sept. 2, Jessie Laura Louise, daughter of Judge Benson, to Harry Traver Jaffray, mgt. Imperial Bank of Canada, Golden, B.C.
ELLIOTT—FISHER—At St. Philip's Church, Toronto, Sept. 1, Effie, daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Fisher, to Dr. Foster Elliott, of Toronto.
HELM—FORREST—At "Ingleside," Mount Albert, Ont., Aug. 6, Florence, daughter of Dr. Robert Forrest, to Walter J. Helm, of Port Hope.
ANDREAE—LAWGLOIS—At St. James' Church, Upper Abinger, Surrey, Eng., Hope, daughter of Mr. Herbert Langlois, of Toronto, to Daniel Hermann Andreae, barrister, of Haarlem, Holland.



Hats and Suits, Gloves Corsets and Dress Goods

Influence of the Directoire Revival

THE Directoire era in the history of France dates back to the first flush of the triumphant Republic. Kings had been put away. The people—the citizens—ruled, in the persons of their Directors duly elected. The old order was done. Everything was new—epic. No conventions were strong enough to restrain. No traditions too old to break. Manners, customs, policies, principles, —everything was revised with the new politics. Even the STYLES OF DRESS.

But originality must have a model. And so the French enthusiasts went back as far as they could—they based the Directoire styles on the dress of ancient Greece.

But the millinery? The Greek ladies wore no hats. THE MILLINERY was spontaneous. Directoire Hats were evolved by clever French women out of their own pretty heads. They needed hats to complete the picture of the classical gowns, and they designed them accordingly. Nothing was impossible one hundred and odd years ago in France!

The Millinery Opening continues all next week.

Some Ideas as to the Prices of Fall Suits

Despite the immense advantage of having practically exclusive individual styles to choose from, our prices are moderate.

For example: Smart New York Broadcloth Suits sell at \$35, \$40, \$50 and \$60. (New York Models!)

Vicuna Suits, plain or Directoire—\$17.50, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$35.00.

Shadow-striped Cloth Suits—\$10.50, \$12.50, \$15.00 to \$25.00.

Serges—Cheviot stripes—\$20.00, \$25.00, \$28.50, \$30.00, \$40.00.

Practically no more than one full range of sizes to a style. Exclusiveness at popular prices. For every age—from girl of 12 years to her mother and her grandmother.

See the New Developments in Chevron Stripes

IT SEEMS as if the fancy of tasteful people had taken the Chevron idea and made a hundred and one effects with it that were never dreamed of before. Just as a musician takes a commonplace and familiar theme and beautifies it, sounding the changes of tone and key in a multitude of ways, so have some clever people in France done with Chevron stripes.

What was a pattern of no great pretensions to beauty last year, or in its "Herringbone" era, is this season really a motive of delightful effects.

You can see best examples to be found in Europe in our Dress Goods Department.

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THIS store has been selected by the makers as the sole selling agency in Toronto for the world celebrated "Thompson's Glove-Fitting Corsets." All models of these famous corsets can now be had here or can be quickly procured if not immediately in stock. Glove-fitting corsets have long been recognized in Europe and the United States as being second to none in giving comfort and stylish grace to the figure of the wearer. Fashionable women find in glove-fitting corsets the model they require to give that graceful slimmness of hips and back now so much in vogue. You are cordially invited to come and see the Thompson Glove-Fitting Corsets. Prices range from \$1.25 to \$6.00 a pair. Expert fitters in attendance.



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LONG and short—French and English Kid, Suede, Chamois. For street wear, for evening wear, for walking, for driving, for shopping, calling or church wear. All the shades, all the lengths, our choice of all the gloves for fall.

A new pair of gloves and a tailored skirt will go a long way to putting one in costume for early fall. We want to interest you first in our autumn showing of gloves.

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DEATHS.

McDOUGALL—In Toronto, Sept. 2, James McDougall, C.E., A.M., son of the late Wm. McDougall, of Cobourg and Baltimore, Ont., in the 55th year of his age.
HUME—In Toronto, Aug. 6, Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., aged 75 years.
MULHOLLAND—In Chicago, Aug. 31, Jane, widow of the late Ven. Archdeacon Mulholland, of Owen Sound.
ROBERTSON—At Brampton, Aug. 30, John Holmes Robertson, aged 84 years.
BURTON—At Niagara Falls, Ont., Aug. 31, Edward John Burton, in his 64th year.

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WE have had our famous character, "SUNNY JIM," made in the form of a delightfully funny cloth doll, and we will send this to anyone mailing us two trade marks from our regular size.

"FORCE"

package, and enclosing also six cents in stamps for postage. These dolls are made of tough linen, fifteen inches high, and printed in five colors (with full directions for cutting and sewing). They will last for years. Every little boy and girl should have one.

Fill out the blank below, and mail to-day to H. O. MILLS, HAMILTON, ONT., and doll will be sent promptly.

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"FORCE" packages, and six cents in stamps, for which

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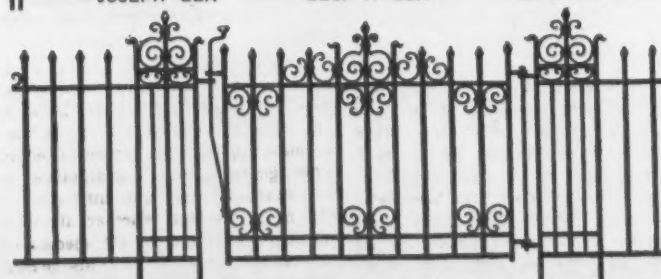
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REDUCED RATES TO LONDON.
For the Western Fair, held at Lon-
don, Sept. 11 to 19, the Canadian
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Toronto and stations west at special
reduced rates. From Toronto the
return rates are \$3.40, good going
Sept. 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18, and \$2.55,
good going Sept. 15 and 17 only.
There will be special train service on
the main line west.

"So your son is now a soldier, hey,
Uncle Ben?" "Yes, sah; he's done
joined the malicious' corpse, sah."—
Baltimore American.

SPORTING COMMENT

AND Bobby Kerr loses the 100 yd. championship at the C.A.A.U. fall handouts, which causes the esteemed sporting authority of the London Advertiser to tell his innocent readers that Bobby never was a 100 yd. sprinter! It is to laugh! If Kerr didn't show his abilities as the best in England, although losing the 100 metre, we lose our guess.

And don't you know that Jimmy Lithgow, of Halifax, is just about the hardest luck guy in the Dominion in the matter of picking officials. Mr. Lithgow told us at the final Olympic trials that the Lang brothers were all to the good at Halifax, but his referee was all to the bad, and Mr. Lithgow stated at the time that he would use his influence as Vice-President of the C.A.A.U., to get both the Lang boys reinstated as soon as possible. Bobby was up against the same game last Saturday, a starter that was too nervous to fire a recall gun. Bobby went after Schaefer but failed to catch him, and Mr. Lithgow, as referee, has to call all protests off. But, say, even at that we don't believe it was Bobby Kerr who put in the protest.

THAT boy, Hans Homer, of Halifax, sure can go some, although he did pass up the five mile. Anyone that can beat Chuck Skene in a mile looks good to us for a match race with Jack Tait.

THE Olympic lacrosse team that will go to England, plays at Rosedale on Saturday, and is made up of the following: R. J. Arens, Orillia; "Bobby" Gray, Brockville; W. Kearns and Harold Campbell, Orangeville; Angus Campbell, Newmarket; Tom Hanley, Midland; A. Mara, Young Toronto; C. Hunter, Varsity; C. Gilbert, Toronto Junction; P. Ramore, Fergus; J. S. McSloy, St. Catharines; P. Brennan and H. Hoobin, Montreal; J. Broderick, Cornwall; N. P. Lambert, Varsity.

DAN MCGANN was in town the other day, and one gathers from the remarks of the slang artists who do the sporting pages of the daily papers that he played ball at the Island and wasn't recognized by anybody. He didn't get a glad hand at all. They didn't know Dan! He used to be the people's darling in Toronto eleven years ago—somebody says it was eleven years ago, but surely it cannot be more than two or three since Artie Irwin's heroes



A. A. ADAMS, OF HAMILTON, winner of the championship cup at the Niagara Golf Tournament on Saturday last.

Toronto. Mr. Adams was very successful in all the events of the meet, and bore home so many trophies that he almost needed a set of commercial travellers' trunks to carry them. It was remarked that there were fewer Toronto and Buffalo players present than usual, and one of the contestants exclaimed on his return to Toronto: "That tournament is, in my opinion, the most pleasant golf event of the whole year, and next season I intend to make it part of my business to see a lot of my friends attend."

PERHAPS some of our readers have wondered why this page has stayed with Tom Longboat after his defeat in England. Well, size it up for your own. The Indian, after his trimming in England and his defeat by Percy Sellen at the Police games, at last gets it into his noddle that a runner must stay in form. Longboat's five miles in Halifax last Saturday, although far from a world record, was even better than Galbraith's Olympic trial time, and the Indian is supposed to be only a long distance man.

She Liked the Smoking Room

THE girls brought Aunt Mary into town in the motor and stopped at the woman's club to clean up. It was really to see this famous place that the old lady, who rarely got nearer New York than the summer home, of her family on Long Island,



MISS MAY HUMPHREY, who was the main attraction at the Don Rowing Club regatta on Saturday afternoon last. Miss Humphrey and another lady were to have rowed a race, but owing to timidity her rival did not show up, so Miss Humphrey rowed the course and received the medal.

played winning ball on the old diamond on the Island! In those days we had, or thought we had, a great team, with little Casey behind the bat and Buck Freeman hitting the ball out into the bay for a homer whenever the manager signalled him to do so. But, just as the middle-aged rooter now talks of the ball team of ten or twelve years ago, so at that time men talked of the great team that used to play on Smith's field across the Don.

THE newspapermen of Toronto were entertained on Saturday afternoon last by Mr. R. L. Patterson at his residence, "Fernwood." Tomorrow, when the annual bowling competition was held for the handsome cup which Mr. Patterson put up last year for teams drawn from the six daily newspapers. Last year the cup was won by The Telegram, but this year The World succeeded in carrying it off after a very close contest with the former winners. After being most hospitably entertained the bowlers, with Mr. John A. Ewan as spokesman, presented Mrs. Patterson with a handsome cut glass lemonade set.

A MOST successful golf tournament was held over the ancient golf course at Niagara-on-the-Lake last week, and Mr. A. A. Adams of Hamilton carried off the individual championship after a close game in the finals with Mr. Joseph Forrester, of the Mississauga Club of

had been eager to come to the city. "Do we dare show her the smoking room?" asked one of the younger women. "You know she never heard of anything like that in the woman's club in Brattleboro."

"Maybe she will be fearfully shocked," answered the other, "and we'll regret that we ever did it. But just let's wait and see what happens at the moment."

Aunt Mary was delighted with what she saw. She was bubbling over with comments of delight on the trig maid in the dressing room who helped her to remove the stains of travel by motor. She was just as pleased with her lunch, grew enthusiastic over the gymnasium and swimming pool and could not restrain herself when the party stood somewhat abashed before the door of the smoking room.

"How convenient," observed the old lady with approval of a woman's club, but that she should admire the smoking room when she never failed to express her disapproval of that habit in woman was beyond them.

"So you see," one niece said rapidly to the other as they walked away from the door, "you see you never can tell."

That night they sat after dinner on the piazza discussing the visit to town. "One thing I did not see in the club," Aunt Mary observed, "was any needles and thread."

"Needles and thread?" repeated her grandniece. "Why, I think the maids always have them."

"I know, dear," Aunt Mary went on, "but I mean in the sewing room. I mean that nicely arranged sewing room, with the tables and the comfortable chairs. Everything for sewing was there except any needles and thread. Where are they kept?"

So it seemed after all that Aunt Mary's enthusiasm over the smoking room had been founded on a misapprehension. Yet it seemed a shame to destroy the illusion.

"Oh, I understand, Auntie," answered one of her two escorts to the club. "The sewing room. I suppose all the members of the club who go there to sew take their needles and thread along with them. I'm sure it's the rule they must do that if they want to sew there."—New York Sun.

Until science has mastered aerial navigation, the automobile remains the next best thing to flying. Some day in the dim and distant future, when man has but to straddle a sun's ray to annihilate space, the automobile may seem a very cumbersome and unwieldy means of locomotion; but at the present time it is still one of the wonders of a wonder-working age, and has a supreme fascination for those "who love outdoor life and enjoy the glories of nature for nature's sake." The quotation presents Mr. Frank Presbrey's apology to the reader for his latest outdoor book, "Motoring Abroad." (The Outing Publishing Company) in which he describes with delightful ease and leisurely enjoyment a motor-car trip through Normandy, Brittany, the chateau country of Touraine, and the British Isles. "One of the particular delights of touring in an automobile," says Mr. Presbrey, "is that one may indulge to the fullest extent in what might be termed haphazard decisions. . . . You may stop at will and start at will. If there is anything which robs a trip of much of its pleasure it is slavery to an itinerary and a time-table." Mr. Presbrey's party made their entire trip, from start to finish, without definite plans for more than one day or two in advance, and even they they frequently changed them on the impulse of the moment.

For those who may be contemplating a motor trip abroad, Mr. Presbrey adds a chapter of "practical suggestions," which will be found invaluable. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs taken on the journey.

LABOR DAY EXCURSIONS.

On account of Labor Day the Grand Trunk Railway System will issue return tickets at single fare between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y., good going Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7, returning on or before Sept. 8, 1908. Secure tickets from any Grand Trunk Agent.

Andy Linton, of Vancouver, B. C., built up to date 5,000 boats, and though he is referred to as the oldest boat-builder in Canada he will likely add another thousand to his record before he makes his final cruise. He does not build ocean liners, but gold prospectors' boats and fishing smacks. He has built about one boat a day for the last twenty-five years. He has a little sawmill and a few workmen, but does himself a large share of the work of getting each craft ready for active service.

Carpenter, the American who fouled Lieutenant Halswell at the Stadium and was disqualified for that reason, is to receive a consolation cup from his New York admirers. We had an idea all along that Carpenter's action was not incorrect under Tammany rules.—London Punch.

The Boss—What's that? Office Boy—I says, you better send out and get a half dozen boys to do my work to-day; I'm going to be sick about three o'clock.—Harper's Bazar.

Jim (regarding damage done to church by fire)—Good job it wasn't a factory. Bill—You're right, mate. Only one man put out of work, and he draws his money.—Punch.

Gabbie—After all, a woman's scream is her greatest weapon of defence. Gertrude—Undoubtedly; how did you find it out?—Puck.

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The Joy of Slippers.

SMOKING jacket and slippers are synonymous with comfort," said Mr. Millington (a New York Sun character), "but if I could have only one of these I should take the slippers."

"The feet are not commonly considered intelligent members of the body, they are remotest from the head and brain, and I think we usually regard them simply as useful things to walk with; but the longer I know my feet the more they appeal to me as having a mind of their own, they are so delightfully responsive to any kind of attention. They bear, unconsciously—if our shoes fit properly—close confinement through the day, and then they may seem dull and without feeling; but give them a pair of comfortable slippers to put on at night and they discover a cheerful consciousness such as you might not have thought them capable of."

"I wear comfortable shoes always, and so I am not one of those unfortunate mortals who, as they say, suffer with their feet. I don't; my feet are all right, and yet it is a very great comfort to me to get on my slippers when I get home at night, and I don't know but what it is worth wearing hard shoes all day for the sake of that comfort."

"I never owned a smoking jacket and I don't believe I want one. I have an easy old coat that will do. And after dinner, if we have nobody in, I put on that old coat and—my slippers."

"I have known my feet so long now that we have come to be, as you might say, friends, or at least I have a friendly feeling for them. And, while I don't know that they have brains, I do know that they have feelings, and I know that they seem grateful to me when I take off my shoes and release them from their day's imprisonment, and when I have put on my comfortable slippers they seem to say to me, smilingly, 'Well, this is something like.' And it strikes me that way, too; and then my feet and I sit back in my particular chair

and smoke a stogie and read the evening paper."

On May 20, 1908, the first Rocky Mountain goat ever bred in captivity was born in New York Zoological Park, says Rod and Gun. Its parents were brought from British Columbia by Director Hornady in November, 1905, with three other specimens. All five were born in May, 1905, and were captured in the mountains north of Fort Steele.

Since the arrival of the little herd in New York, all its members have been maintained in excellent health. They are fed on very clean crushed oats (in the hull), sliced carrots and potatoes, an occasional apple, and all the clover hay they can eat. There are three adult males and two females, and they have been given three large corrals and a rustic barn in the south-western corner of the park. For amusement and exercise they climb all over the roof of the barn, and spend much time aloft.

Although very level-headed and calm in times of real danger the mountain goat is shy of being handled and petted, and with nervous impatience flings itself away from an outstretched hand. One member of the herd will permit their keeper to touch it. Although they are not quarrelsome toward each other, they are so free in prodding each other with their skewer-like horns that it was necessary to saw off an inch from each horn tip.

Quite a number goats have come into captivity, but very few have survived longer than a few months. The climatic conditions of the Atlantic coast region have carried off eight other goats of our acquaintance in two years or less, and until now it has been doubted whether it were possible to acclimatize the species on the Atlantic coast. For this reason the news of the birth in the New York herd will be hailed with delight by all sportsmen and nature lovers.

The kid two days after birth was 13 1/2-in. high at the shoulders, and weighed 7 1/4 lbs.

SUBMARINE STRATEGY

By FRED WHISHAW

SOMETHING happened in the harbor of Valparaiso which sent a chill of horror and amazement throughout the civilized world—the limited section of the world, that is, which heard of the matter; for since it was hushed up as soon as born, and promptly denied by those connected with naval matters (lest a new and deserving invention should be condemned before it should have been brought to perfection), the rumor of the amazing mishap was not allowed to spread.

The submarine torpedo vessel, the Cormorant, admittedly the most successful product of human ingenuity in this line up to the present moment, had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared—made off “on its own,” carrying away with it its inventor, a young engineer of wonderful promise, together with his little crew of four persons.

It had disappeared at a singularly unfortunate moment, for the Chilean Government had just signified its intention—after exhaustive trials—to purchase the vessel. Its designer and inventor, Chillingworth, had himself brought the little diving steamer into harbor in order to offer her for sale. He had himself suggested and carried out the experiments which had so delighted and amazed the heads of the Chilean Naval Department, and the Government had only that morning notified the gifted inventor of its intention to purchase upon its own terms. It was a singularly unfortunate moment for the mysterious little craft to choose in order to make off and disappear; a horrible disappointment for the Chilean authorities, who were as pleased with their new acquisition as a child with its last toy; and, of course, as all agreed, it was a terrible thing for Chillingworth and his companions.

“Oh! they’ll turn up,” some said. “He’s done it to show us that the marvels of his devilish little ship were not exhausted at the trial trip.”

“Maybe,” others rejoined; “but one could see he didn’t expect her to dive. Several witnesses, men who were in the harbor at the time, declare that they saw him running about and shouting to his fellows just before they sank, and one of them jumped overboard. He says he left because the Cormorant was making off on its own, and he didn’t particularly relish it.”

“Well, Chillingworth will bring her along home,” said the sanguine ones, and laid odds upon it, though they were sorry they had backed their opinions before forty-eight hours had passed, for there was still no sign of the Cormorant, and the prospects of clever Chillingworth and his men returning from the bottom of the sea began to look faint indeed. The Cormorant had come splendidly through her trial trips. She had travelled twenty-five miles in an irregular, marked course, totally submerged, and had testified her actual proximity

to each of the mark-boats specially placed for her trial spin, by shooting up a submarine rocket (invented by Chillingworth) in order to prove that he had followed the course laid down for him. Then she had returned—still submerged—into the harbor, threaded her way among the ships which crowded the narrow waterway, and had taken up her moorings at the very spot she had occupied a couple of hours before.

It was a smart performance, and the authorities had agreed to purchase without a dissentient note, though the price asked by Chillingworth was enormous.

And then, but a few hours later, when the gifted young American was about to come ashore in order to take part in the complimentary banquet arranged in his honor, he being then—as some declared—already dressed for the feast, the marvellous little ship suddenly sank of its own accord and made off.

Days passed—three, four, five days, and there was no news of her. “How could there be any?” asked the croakers, and even the most sanguine could not now profess to have much hope that Chillingworth and his men would return.

Certainly no one would have supposed that the political difficulties of the little Republic of Roxalia could have anything to do with the disappearance of the Cormorant; yet this was the actual fact, as must now be explained.

Those who know their South America are doubtless aware that the Republic of Palladia has for neighbors, one on each side of her, the little Principality of Pamira and the tiny Republic of Roxalia; but for buffer State of Palladia, these two little powers would long since have flown at each other’s throats, for their mutual hatred was a mature and very perfect growth, the product of centuries of trade rivalry and political jealousy.

Both states were entirely impetuous—a second safeguard; for if either could have afforded a descent upon the coast of the other, the expedition would have taken place. Doubtless big Palladia would afterwards have knocked their heads together for quarrelling, as a big boy would punish two smaller fellows whom he found fighting, but nevertheless Roxalia would have flung herself upon Pamira if she could, and Pamira would have done the same by Roxalia, in the scorn of consequence and of her great neighbor Palladia.

Of late there had been terrible quarrelling between the two little states. Some commercial rivalry had grown intolerably acute, and the usual meaningless threats had passed between the Chancellories—meaningless because hitherto both states had been well aware that nothing could ever come of this wordy war, and doubtless Roxalia was no more frightened by Pamira’s threats on this oc-

casional than heretofore. Yet—as she was now about to discover to her sudden amazement and consternation—she stood, for once, in real and imminent peril.

For not long since the multi-millionaire, Heavyside, of New York, had contracted a matrimonial alliance with Princess Rosa, daughter of Karl Edouard of Pamira, and—the Prince, being an old man, and frail—had made no secret of his intention to occupy the worthy old sovereign’s throne when the time came, if money could effect his object. Whether, when the time came, he should be called reigning Prince or Prince Consort, did not trouble Mr. Heavyside; either would suit him nicely, he declared, so long as he might run ashore. Then came the quarrel between the two little states, and the people of Pamira learned to their surprise and delight that the marriage of Princess Rosa, though socially a mesalliance, was to prove politically both significant and important for their country. “Guess I’ll soon stop their bluffing,” Heavyside had said. “I’m off to New York right now, father-in-law, and I guess I’ll deal you a good hand.” Within twenty-four hours Heavyside had brought a fine cruiser. She cost him more than half a million dollars, but the ship was cheap at that. While in the city he met young Chillingworth, whose little vessel, the Cormorant, then lay in the dock for inspection. Heavyside had already purchased his cruiser, and was not inclined to deal for the submarine; he did not believe in that class of vessel, and, moreover, the cruiser would suit his purpose.

“My ship would sink a dozen of your wasps,” he said, “in as many minutes. How are you goin’ to see under water?”

“I claim that I can,” said Chillingworth.

“Wal, can you bombard a town?” asked the other.

“I can prevent your ship doing it, or any other,” said Chillingworth.

“Wal, you’ve got to catch her first, sonny, and my ship’s going to sail two miles to your one, and see where she’s heading, too. No, I ain’t dealin’; your’s may be very clever, but I don’t believe in it. You get forward a bit with your submarines and then bring me one, and I don’t know but what I’ll take it; but that ain’t going to be to-day.”

“Better buy this one,” said Chillingworth, “or she’ll go.”

“Let her go, then, and be hanged!” replied Heavyside, rudely, and the remark cost him dear.

So back went Prince Consort Heavyside to Pamira, and a few days later there sailed into port, to the delight of Prince and people, the beautiful cruiser Devastator.

“Guess Roxalia’s ours,” said Heavyside; “You can go nap on that ship, father-in-law. Come, and we’ll send the ultimatum right now.”

And Prince Karl Edouard, nothing loth, launched forth his ultimatum, conveying to the miserable Republic of Roxalia certain unheard of and preposterous demands, the refusal of which meant war, and the acquies-

cense with which was utterly impossible.

The ultimatum arrived at a moment when President, Council and people had already been plunged into a state of amazement and consternation by the news, wired from Pamira by the Roxalian minister at Karl Edouard’s court, of the sudden purchase of a first-class cruiser, sufficient—albeit a second-hand article—of itself to dictate terms at the cannon’s mouth to helpless Roxalia. For the latter state possessed but two old gunboats, and of these one was now enjoying its yearly holiday in dry-dock, while the other was usefully employed as a fever hospital for the capital city of Villambrosa.

And before the President had recovered from the shock of this terrible news of the cruiser’s purchase, there came—to render the Roxalian dilemma utterly hopeless—the ultimatum of the Prince.

“This explains the cruiser,” said the President. “What on earth are we going to do?”

This was a question which not one of the Cabinet could answer. There was nothing to do, and everyone of them knew it.

Nevertheless, most of them adjourned to the harbor in order to inspect “the Coastguard vessels,” as President Palossa grandiloquently called the two old gunboats. And it was while His Excellency, with half-a-dozen of his gravely depressed colleagues, was busy over this pitiful inspection of his two useless ships, that a most extraordinary thing happened.

Bartolozzi, the Minister of Interior, suddenly cried out: “Blue Heaven, Palossa! see! It is the sea serpent.”

It was not a sea serpent, but the upper extremities of a submarine vessel rising from the deep. Bartolozzi, being a Minister of the Interior, may be forgiven the mistake since he could hardly be expected to be versed in matters connected with the ocean.

Up came Chillingworth’s Cormorant, for she it was, shaking the water from her shoulders and revealing herself, presently, a beautiful little sea-monster, floating like a duck upon the waves, and riding the ocean as easily and as gracefully as though she no more possessed the gift of diving beneath the surface than did the clumsy old gunboat that lay but a few yards from her quarter.

Speechless with amazement, the President and his men watched the phenomenon. Still speechless, they saw Chillingworth come on deck and salute. They returned the courtesy automatically. Chillingworth asked two questions.

“Is there any gentleman of the press present?” was the first question, and upon being informed that a reporter was, as a matter of fact, among the group of men before him, he requested that the gentleman might forthwith be arrested until further notice, “in case of accidents.” Palossa had the protesting individual locked up in a cabin.

“Now, may I be presented to the President?” continued Chillingworth. Tell His Excellency I have come

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No. 202

upon business of vital importance.”

Palossa bowed.

“I am the President,” he said.

Then Chillingworth drew the old man aside, and they conversed awhile in undertones, but presently Palossa beckoned to his ministers, and it was noticed that his face seemed to have grown younger by ten years, and the eight men conversed together in an animated fashion. The voices of the ministers and of Palossa sounded hopeful and jubilant. It was evident that the stranger had brought good news.

A sailor, standing sentry at the top of the companion, plainly overheard Palossa repeat, in amazement, some words spoken in a lower tone by Chillingworth. These words were: “Declare war at mid-day tomorrow!” He did not catch Chillingworth’s words, nor anything else that was said until Palossa suddenly observed aloud—

“Very well, then, you shall show us this, and if all goes well, war shall be declared to-morrow; that will make ‘em stare, eh, Bartolozzi? eh, Sebastian?” The old man rubbed his hands. Hi! you there on the empty coal-lighter!” he shouted, “haul your craft out of harbor into the open there and anchor her; then come ashore in the

dinghy; see you leave nothing alive on board, and nothing you value—quickly now.”

“What are you going to do with the lighter?” said the man hesitatingly. “Shall I be paid for it if you damage it?”

“You shall be well paid, and we’re going to send it to the devil, I hope!” shouted Palossa, rubbing his hands together.

No one had ever seen the old man so jubilant before this day. The lighterman quickly hauled his craft out into the open and left her there, he and his crew returning in his small boat.

“Now, gentlemen, if you are ready,” said Chillingworth, “I am.”

Palossa bowed. His excitement prevented further speech.

The Cormorant slowly sank and disappeared. Two minutes later there was a crash and a commotion, and up flew the fragments of the lighter; there were not two planks of her left united. The President cheered aloud and clapped his hands, and the ministers followed suit. None present could find words to thank Chillingworth when he reappeared.

“You have saved us. What shall we say to you?” said old Palossa. (Continued on Page 20.)

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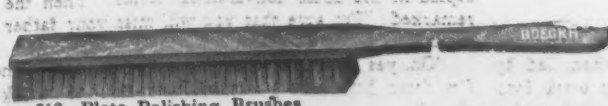
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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! ? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ? !

ONTARIO'S NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

SINCE it appears to be settled that Hon. John M. Gibson is to be Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario for the next five years and various newspapers are claiming to have announced the fact long ago, it is worth while recalling that this journal was the first to make the announcement. In this department, thirteen months ago, the statement was made that in all probability he would be the next resident of Government House, and this must be regarded as a case of extraordinary premonition, for at that time the Federal Ministers had not made up their minds on the matter themselves. Such appointments, however, seldom come as a surprise, and for a year or more Hon. J. M. Gibson has been recognized as one of the three or four available men on the Liberal side of politics who would be willing to take the office, which is in some sense anomalous.

A Lieutenant-Governor must be content to know that he is freely alluded to, even among his own friends, as a sort of ornate substitute for a rubber stamp. He must on the other hand, be the recipient of adulation from persons, chiefly ladies, who regard his portals as a passport to Society; and he must also on State occasions wear a uniform which is a masterpiece and epitome of the vile taste of the early Victorian period in its most egregious manifestation. Still, there is no doubt that gentlemen once established at Government House like to stay there. Even though the city has grown up around it and it is skirted by freight sheds and factories, it is a roomy place, with lawns more beautiful than any other residence in the city can boast, and beyond the social duties the occupant-in-office is free from worry and care. And the ex-Lieutenant-Governor is somewhat like a fish out of water, no longer the symbol and figurehead of State, but merely a distinguished citizen. Through some convention he is debarred from actively re-entering politics, for a Lieutenant-Governorship is looked upon as the cap stone of a political career.

As has been said, appointment to the office seldom comes as a surprise. For instance, in the case of Sir Oliver Mowat the promise of it was given to him by Sir Wilfrid Laurier prior to the Liberal victory of 1896. On Sir Oliver's consenting to join forces with him in that famous campaign the condition was made that in the event of victory the aged Premier of Ontario should only be asked to hold the Portfolio of Justice for a year or so and then drop into the approaching vacancy at Government House, Toronto. The agreement was kept quiet but gradually leaked out, so that at least six months before he assumed vice-regal functions it was taken for granted by a large section of the press.

Perhaps the only surprise in connection with the bestowal of this office in Ontario was in connection with the selection of the retiring incumbent of the office, Sir William Mortimer Clark. It was an honor unsought and unexpected. There is reliable information that the first intimation came to the then Mr. Mortimer Clark, K.C., in the shape of a call over the long-distance telephone from Ottawa. Sir William Mulock, then the senior Minister from Ontario, rang him up and asked him if he would take the office. Mr. Clark was too bewildered for a moment to express himself and thought it might be a joke. On being assured that the offer

was serious, he accepted, and has made as excellent a Lieutenant-Governor as the Province ever had. In fact in the assiduity with which he has looked after the social duties of the office and the ability and matter of his speeches on all subjects, he has been hardly equalled, unless by the late Sir George Kirkpatrick. Moreover, there is this to be said of Sir Mortimer's speeches—that they are his own, whereas there have been gubernatorial representatives who owed much to the versatility of their private secretaries. It is an open secret at Ottawa that Sir Mortimer, to whom the office came so unexpectedly, would gladly have accepted another term.

Nor has the position been given to Hon. J. M. Gibson without friendly rivalry from other prominent Canadians. It is said on good authority that a certain distinguished statesman, now on the Bench, but who was formerly accustomed to have a voice in Ontario appointments, would gladly have given up the cares of the Bench for the lighter responsibilities of Government House.

Of the pressure brought to bear on Sir Richard Cartwright to induce him to accept the office, the reader has already learned something in the daily press. Sir Richard's chief reason for refusing was no doubt his physical infirmity, which incapacitates him from the onerous social duties involved. Moreover, his is not the temperament to enjoy being classified as a sort of animated rubber stamp. There is little doubt that had Sir Richard accepted the post proffered, Hon. J. M. Gibson would have been willing to stand aside with a promise of the reversion of the office, political weather conditions continuing favorable.

No doubt Sir Wilfrid has had to face much pressure, also, from gentlemen of means who would have contributed largely to the funds of the party, and who, for social reasons, would like to adorn the position. But by common convention the office is a reward for active party service, and it is a desideratum that the Lieutenant-Governor should be a man known to the majority of the electorate.

STORY OF GOVERNOR CLARK'S APPOINTMENT.

THE appointment of Sir Mortimer Clark was more or less an exception to this rule, but in his case a matter of policy was involved. Sir Mortimer was known as a very strong man in the Presbyterian church—at least in that wing of it (the Free Kirk) whose ideals are represented in Knox College. His sole excursion into politics had been the occasion when he and the late Principal Caven joined hands with the late D'Alton McCarthy in the Equal Rights movement. When it was found that the agitation was likely to react to the prejudice of their friend, Sir Oliver Mowat, they withdrew, still retaining their prestige with the old Scottish Liberals of Ontario. Five years ago, Sir Wilfrid's advisers at Ottawa feared the existence of a prejudice among the old Scotch Calvinists of Bruce and other districts against a French Catholic Premier, and the happy thought came of giving this element a Lieutenant-Governor for whom they would have the deepest respect, who, in fact, they regarded as one of their own. The original suggestion is said to have come from Mr. Alexander Smith, the former organizer, who understands the Scotsman of the interior as do few politicians. Apart from the question of policy originally involved the selection has proven a very happy one.

While Government House has not the reputation that clings to Senate appointments, of carrying an assurance of longevity, it is a fact that several of those who have attained the office lived on quite happily after retiring, despite their diminished grandeur. A cardinal example was the late Sir William Howland, the first Canadian to hold the office, who was in Government House from 1868 to 1873. It is but a year or two since Sir William was gathered unto his fathers. Hon. John Beverley Robinson, the only gentleman to have his patent renewed, lived on for years after his retirement, until his tragic and sudden death in the basement of Massey Hall in 1896 while proceeding to the platform in company with his old friend, Sir Charles Tupper. In passing, it may be said that Sir Charles spoke for two hours that night against a howling throng with no knowledge that the companion with whom he had dined had passed away, and he was terribly affected when, exhausted as he was after his herculean effort, the news was gently told to him.

Hon. J. M. Gibson, the new incumbent of the office, is a man who, whatever his years, has never given the impression of age. He has an energy and vitality and a glimpse beyond into the humorous aspect of things that shows in his face and gives an impression of youth, despite his gray hairs.

A BUSY MAN AT THE FAIR.

ONE of the busiest men at the "Siege of Sebastopol" spectacle at the Exhibition this week is Sergt. Tommy Moon, of the G.G.B.G. When the Queen's Own Band marches into the arena at the opening of the performance they have in their centre the Russian standard bearer carrying the Russian eagles. That's Sergt. Moon. When the French and English troops are creeping up in silence to make a desperate night sortie, a Russian soldier awakens the sleeping heights to their danger in time to make a stubborn resistance. The man who fired the warning shot was Sergt. Tommy Moon.

After a dogged resistance the Czar's men have fallen sullenly back and an officer with the white flag of truce approaches the Allies' line to ask that the defenders of the citadel may collect their wounded and dead. That's Tommy too. When the battle's over he has to climb back to the heights and rejoin the Russian ranks for the grand finale.

He is the quick charge artiste of the act. Dropping the Russian eagles, he has to scale the heights by the ladders at the back and seize his rifle. With a red band on his arm and a white flag in his hand he has to descend those ladders to sue for the dead. When that scene is over, back he toils up the break-heart steps. As one of the officers of the G.G.B.G. said, "It's a shame that Dr. Orr doesn't rig up an elevator for Tommy."

ON A VISIT TO TORONTO.

MRS. W. J. THOROLD, of London, England, who is a Toronto man and a graduate with the degree of B. A. of the University here, is now visiting Toronto, accompanied by his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Thorold are stopping with the former's cousin, Mr. J. T. Mathews,



MRS. W. J. THOROLD.

of London, England, presented recently by the Countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham at Their Majesties' Court at Buckingham Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Thorold are at present visiting friends in Toronto.

of the Mathews Steamship Company, at 185 Gerrard street east.

Mr. Thorold is the editor and managing director of The Smart Set Magazine, in London, and is also interested in several other business enterprises in England, being the managing director of the "London Herald," the Standard Press Limited, the Standard Rubber Company, Limited, and the Canadian Securities Corporation, Limited. It is in connection with the latter organization that he is now visiting the Dominion.

Mrs. Thorold, who is a beautiful English girl, and a niece of Sir Frederic Mappin Bart., of Sheffield, and who was presented recently at the Court of Their Majesties, at Buckingham Palace, by the Countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham, rather surprised her husband the other day by suggesting that they should take up residence in Toronto. This was after a trip to the Yacht Club and a drive through the residential districts.

Mr. Thorold says they have never seen abroad a city so attractive and so beautiful as Toronto. After being absent some eight years, it simply amazes him—so wonderful is its progress, and so imposing are its new buildings, and so handsome its almost innumerable lovely homes. To live here seems like living in some large splendid park. "I only wish," said Mr. Thorold, "that we could transplant Toronto and place it in the midst of Mayfair in London, for then it would be the admiration of all England."

A HARD WORD TO SAY.

SINCE the day when the Toronto Light Horse were re-organized as the Mississauga Horse, their new name has tripped up the tongues of many.

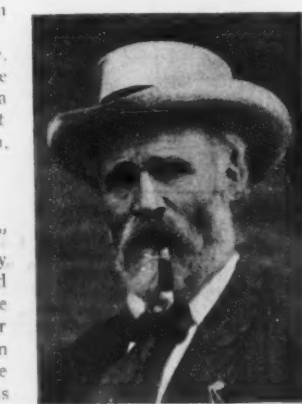
At the Long Branch rifle ranges last week a bearded member of the popular quartette of American riflemen was scanning the blackboard for the results of a match. Finally he came to the entry "Trooper Miss Horse." He rubbed his eyes and read it again. Sure that he saw aright and beaming with patriotic pride, he said to the little knot of fellow readers: "Doggone, if the old Mississippi Horse is not in the money."

A readcoat Grenadier broke the delusion. "I guess that's the Mississauga Horse," he enlightened the American.

"Another Canadian outfit," said the United States rifleman, and turned away a disappointed man.

MR. HARDIE AND HIS DREAMS.

M. R. J. KEIR HARDIE, the English Labor leader, is with us again, and during the week he has been telling audiences in Toronto how we may be cured of the social and industrial ills that so evilly beset us. Mr. Hardie thinks that trade unionism, enlarged and refined, and pressing on to Socialism, will some day give us Utopian conditions, when landlordism and the arrogance of capital will be unknown. Mr. Hardie goes on to disparage individualism. He hints, too, that members of trades unions ought not to exert themselves to do as much work as they can because there ought to be enough work left to go around and give everyone a share of peaceful and not too arduous labor. Mr. Hardie also denounces Imperialism and established customs and institutions in general.



J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

No purpose is served in questioning whether or not Mr. Hardie is well-intentioned. Probably he is. But his attitude is largely a mistaken one. He wants to accomplish what most people whose feelings are right would like to see accomplished. We would all welcome a time when stupid and clever, trained and untrained would be alike comfortable and contented, but we can only approach such a condition by a slow growth of reason, and, until we can remake human nature, the individual will make his own place and his own happiness in the world.

Mr. Keir Hardie is scarcely the sort of man to remould the world. When one looks into the face of a man of his type one finds a sort of puzzled expression—the expression of one who, talk as he may about social reform finds life in this big complex world too large a proposition to fathom.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Government practically opened the campaign (writes our Ottawa Correspondent) when, led by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Paterson, it burst last week into the united counties of Richmond and Wolfe and held a

couple of meetings in support of Mr. Tobin. The meetings were quite successful and Mr. Tobin's chances of re-election considerably increased thereby.

One of Mr. Tobin's neighbors, but at the same time political adversaries, is the redoubtable Mr. Morin, of Dorchester, who holds his county true to Conservative interests without regard to the rising and falling of the political barometer. A couple of sessions ago he attempted to establish a political scandal against Mr. Tobin. It was all about the so-called wharf at D'Israeli, a little backwoods place in Wolfe, where there is a small water-course, and consequently some lumbering operations. The claim of the Opposition was that this work was simply a bridge across a swamp, built at Federal expense for the purpose of pleasing the municipal authorities. The Government claimed that it was a wharf and therefore entitled to rank as a Federal public work. Mr. Morin, in his practical but rather unpolished eloquence, attacked the vote. "Where is de wharf?" said he, in addressing the House. "And where is de boat to come to de wharf? There ain't no wharf; there ain't no boat, but suppose there be, where is de water to float de boat of which there ain't any, when it comes to the wharf that don't be there? There ain't no water for de cows eat de wild grass in de marsh in summer where dey build that bridge."

At any rate Mr. Morin's attack upon the D'Israeli bridge aroused sufficient interest to cause a party of Opposition members to go out to the spot and secure photographs of the debatable public works. No doubt that photograph will be used in the coming campaign.

DIVIDING THE SHEEP FROM THE GOATS.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, the second Premier of Canada, was fond of quoting Butler, several passages from "Hudibras" appearing in the reports of his Parliamentary speeches. He had also a rough sort of humor that was almost Rabelaisian in its play.

In his earlier days as a politician he was speaking in the county of Perth, and heard that his audience was almost equally composed of Grit Highlanders, Orange Tories, and Irish Catholics, with a sprinkling of Germans. He had his eye upon the Irish vote, and angled for it with a bit of Gaelic, by winding up his address as follows:

"In my part of the country, gentlemen, it is the custom to divide the meeting, and I will take the liberty of dividing this gathering now. 'Clan na Gael' (children of the Gael) to the right; 'Clan 'n Deoil' (children for the Devil) to the left!"

Most of the Irish present understood the instructions given in the sister tongue, and, appreciating the situation, with a merry grin left their wondering Orange neighbors, and stood up to be counted with the Scotch.

SIR RICHARD ON THE TRAMP.

POLITICAL rumors recently formulated and contradicted have served to bring Sir Richard Cartwright once more into the lime-light, but people who look back will remember that his career was not always so un-

eventful as in recent years. Twice in his life he wandered over the face of the political waters looking for a place where he could rest his feet, and he finally found a safe spot in South Oxford. During one of the pilgrimages, he felt attracted towards a certain Western Ontario county where either party always has a fighting chance.

The constituency which he particularly favored looked hopeful because it was generally known that the Conservative candidate had quarreled with one of the most influential party workers in the riding.

The constituency had a Liberal in the Legislature, and this gentleman took Sir Richard to see the man who was supposed to be disgruntled, and they found him in his garden. Now it happened that the Tory was like the old Scotch woman who continued to go to kirk after disagreeing with her pastor, because her quarrel was "wi' the man and no wi' the Gospel," so his two visitors did not get a very hearty reception. Of course the call was only a friendly one, but conversation became very strained.

At length a welcome interruption came in the shape of a tramp who entered the garden in search of anything he could get without working for it. When his quest became known, he was rather curtly told to depart.

Sir Richard seized the opportunity to make a few comments on the hobo and his place in rural life. It seemed to relieve the tension, and he concluded his remarks by saying, "I suppose that it is only natural that you should do nothing to encourage the tramps."

"Yes," was the reply, "I have a rooted objection to tramps, political or otherwise."

It was not very long afterward that the visitors left.

HOW FATHER WAS MISSED.

AS it is a generally recognized rule to speak only kindly of the dead, the hero of this story, who long since joined the political dead, namely, the Senate, will remain nameless. He was in his day a useful worker in Western Ontario, and his party made a good deal of him, for he possessed enough money to finance the elections in his constituency if funds were scarce. He had become wealthy on much less than it takes to make an ordinary man rich, for he was thrifty and saving. Everybody in his home earned his or her keep, so when the future honorable father joined the household, he was expected to do likewise. The old man pottered about the garden and looked after the horse, and as the exercise kept him in good health, he attended to these tasks for many years. In the meantime, the son was rising to prominence and possessed many friends in all parts of the country. At last the father finished his allotted span and passed away.

Shortly afterward the bereaved politician was in Toronto, and an acquaintance, who had heard of his loss, met him on the street. Sympathy was offered and accepted in the usual conventional terms. Then the man remarked: "I'm sure that you will miss your father very much."

"Oh, yes, I shall miss him," replied the son. "Indeed, I'm down here now to get a Barnardo boy to take his place."

The Late Ira D. Sankey

Some Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the
Greatest of Singing Evangelists

TO have been sponsor for a book that has sold into the fifty million copies is probably the unique achievement of the singing evangelist, the late Ira D. Sankey, comments The Literary Digest. "Gospel Hymns," which he edited, and to which he contributed a good many of his own compositions, is reported to have been printed that many times. Mr. Sankey, whose later years have been passed in private life, on account of blindness, is recalled as the enormously successful partner of the late Dwight L. Moody. Even Mr. Moody's own success, great as it was, is said not to have begun until he induced the young gospel-singer to join forces with him. "With his musical expression of the Gospel message," says the Chicago Inter Ocean, "Ira D. Sankey appealed to the feelings which must be stirred if men are to be brought to do effectively what their reason tells them they should do." In an editorial appreciation of Mr. Sankey, who died at his home in Brooklyn on August 13, The Inter Ocean not only pays a high tribute to the worth of the singer's work, but tells the story of one of his most effective sacred songs—a song that has hardly escaped mention in any of the numerous tributes printed since the announcement of Mr. Sankey's end. "He will be longest remembered," it says, "as the composer of 'The Ninety and Nine.'" We read further:

"Those who believe that men are now and then, directly inspired by a power higher than themselves to do great deeds find support for that belief in the circumstances under which 'The Ninety and Nine' was composed and first performed.

"Moody and Sankey had been invited to Great Britain to conduct religious meetings, in which they had been so successful in the United States. Their work in Glasgow had been very effective, and they were on their way to Edinburgh. As they took the train there came into Mr. Sankey's hands a newspaper clipping containing the words of 'The Ninety and Nine,' written by Elizabeth Clephane.

"Mr. Sankey was struck with the dramatic fervor of its presentation of the truth that no human soul, however strayed and apparently lost, is beyond God's love and care; but no musical expression of this thought immediately occurred to him, and the verses were dropped into a pocket.

"The first meeting of the evangelists in Edinburgh was largely attended, and the hearers were interested, but did not seem especially sympathetic. As the meeting drew toward a close a sense of failure crept over the leaders. Mr. Moody prepared to dismiss the audience, but first asked Mr. Sankey to sing something.

"Sankey, as he told it afterwards himself, had taken out the poem of 'The Ninety and Nine'—he did not know why—and was reading it. As he arose to go to the organ he was conscious that he ought to do something that would really stir that apathetic congregation, and he prayed for help.

"He laid the verses on the desk and began to play and sing the words without knowing what the next note would be. When he got through the first stanza he was not sure that he could remember what he had sung and so go on with the second; and thus he felt his way from line to line and from word to word to the end. And the audience was in tears when he finished."

Mr. Sankey was born in Pittsburgh in 1840. His father was a Methodist preacher, and, curiously, is said to have been "well off." He enlisted in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteers at Lincoln's first call in 1860, and at the expiration of his enlistment entered the Internal Revenue Service. The New York Sun tells the story of his meeting with Mr. Moody, of their work together, and also something of his personal traits. Thus:

"As the story goes, Mr. Moody, who was as devoid apparently of all musical sense as was Dean Swift, heard him render a revival hymn at the International Y.M.C.A. Convention in Indianapolis in 1870. Turning to his neighbor, Mr. Moody asked with some excitement, 'Who is that man over there that sings so?'

"The neighbor was H. K. Porter, president of the Y.M.C.A. in Pittsburgh. He knew Sankey very well and told Mr. Moody all about him and his fine voice.

"Well," Mr. Moody rejoined, 'I don't know anything about his fine voice, but I do know that he feels every word he sings and believes every word he feels. I want to meet that man. Bring him over to the hotel.'

"Six months later Sankey was assisting Moody at the latter's church in Illinois Street in Chicago. They never separated afterward except twice—once for three months when the Chicago fire burnt them out, and again when Mr. Moody left Mr. Sankey in charge of his new church, the new Tabernacle, while he went to England on his first foreign tour. It was during Mr. Moody's absence that Mr. Sankey composed many of his gospel tunes.

"All the songs he made up during this time he put in a scrap book, which was the only book he carried abroad with him save the Bible, when Mr. Moody called him over to assist in the revival. From the time of the great English tour, in 1873-75, till the time of Mr. Moody's death in 1899, the two evangelists were never separated. They had addressed some of the biggest audiences of modern times. Agricultural Hall, London, which seats twenty thousand, was the scene of many of their meetings, and it was always full. In New York their meetings were held for the most part in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the Rink, Brooklyn; the Brooklyn Tabernacle or in Carnegie Hall. In these New York meetings Mr. Sankey sometimes had a choir of as many as five hundred voices under his leadership.

"In appearance Mr. Sankey was a man of large stature, erect, and of powerful physique, with a manner full of animation, enthusiasm, and earnestness. The most prominent physical characteristic was his chest, which was forty-eight inches around. His voice was a fine natural

baritone, covering two octaves, though he never appeared to have cultivated it. He never sang a hymn in the same way twice, nor even the second verse of a tune as he sang the first."

His manner of composing his hymns, The Sun continues, was as naive as was his delivery of them. He put them together "by inspiration," stopping suddenly in the midst of his reading or talking to jot down a bit of melody that came to him. These jottings he gathered together and developed at his leisure, sometimes fitting them to words chosen from his scrap-book of "verses that lift," and sometimes getting another hymn-writer like Miss Fannie Crosby to fit new words. "If you plant the germ of a song or an idea," he was fond of saying, "it will grow of itself." We read further:

"The books issued under his name include 'The Gospel Choir,' 'The Male Choir,' 'Christian Endeavor Hymn-Book,' 'Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns,' and 'My Life and Sacred Songs.' Among the hundreds of hymns he composed some of the best known are: 'The Ninety and Nine,' 'There'll Be No Dark Alley,' 'A Shelter in the Time of Storm,' 'When the Mists Are Rolled Away,' and 'Faith Is the Victory.' He also compiled 'Sacred Songs and Solos,' 'Gospel Hymns,' 'Winnowed Songs' for Sunday-schools, and 'Young People's Songs of Praise.' There are several books of which it is said that their circulation is second only to that of the Bible. Among them are 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but it is doubtful if the combined sales of both books would equal that of the 'Gospel Hymns,' of which over fifty millions have been printed.

"Mr. Sankey is reported to have received \$500,000 or more in royalties, most of which he gave away. Since the establishment of the Northfield School for Bible Study, by Moody and Sankey, he has turned over every penny that he received from his music to this institution."

The Approach to Canada.

FROM correspondence in the London Times the following piece of word-play concerning the St. Lawrence route is taken:

Few things give a Canadian a keener thrill of pleasure than to come up the St. Lawrence in fine summer weather with English friends who are seeing the country for the first time. He feels that they will at last understand his enthusiasms. No other approach to the American continent can, for an instant, compare with this. No other continent has an approach from the sea so noble and impressive. A sense of breadth and space and vast distance dominates everything. The feeling is quite different from that experienced in mid-ocean, since the neighborhood of land gives the mind the means of measurement. As the traveller comes through the narrow straits of Belle Isle, and almost instinctively thinks that his voyage must be drawing to an end, he learns that ahead of him are as many miles of navigable waters as he has already passed over since leaving Liverpool. On the waters of the gulf he again loses sight of land. When Anticosti has been passed, and the mouth of the river is entered, a whole day and night of voyaging along the southern shore elapses before the northern shore comes dimly in sight. Then, as the river gradually narrows to 15, 10 or 5 miles in breadth, from the high upper deck of the stately steamship which carries him, the eye of the passenger turns with alternate interest to the rugged, verdure-clad hills of Gaspe, rent with many a gorge, on his near left, and to the remote, dimly blue, exquisite outline of the Laurentian range of mountains far away to the right, stretching further and further westward till lost in vague distance. Beneath him the great river, sparkling in the sunrise, dazzling at noon-day, rich in the colors of sunset, or softly sombre in the moonlight, sweeps along to the sea in the vast volume of water which represents the drainage of the greatest fresh water system of the globe. Above, the clouds, peculiar to a continent warmed by summer heat and yet plentifully supplied with moisture, shift and change with a rapid play of form and color, unknown to the grey skies of the British Isles.

The whole forms a scene to impress the most casual tourist; no wonder that it stirs Canadian feeling to its depths. It will do more than arouse emotion. If Devonshire lanes or Yorkshire fells, to take illustrations of local influence, have had their part in moulding English character, if rugged Highland scenery has intensified Scottish patriotism surely this broad and expansive outlook and surroundings must have their effect in shaping the typical Canadian of the future.

Stories of Sir Robert Hart.

AN exceptionally interesting article on the personal side of Sir Robert Hart is the chief feature of the September Pall Mall Magazine. It is by Sir Robert's niece, and the pictures which accompany it are as intimate and interesting as the article. Here are some extracts:

"It was as a little girl some time in the far-away eighties that I first met Sir Robert Hart. He came to stay with us at Hankow, and I can see him now walking up our verandah steps in a tweed Norfolk jacket, an unconventional low collar, and the narrow blue tie with long hanging ends that he had worn—so my mother told me—ever since he once picked up a black snake in the twilight from his dressing-table instead of the black scarf then fashionable."

"In 1898, when my family removed to Peking, I saw him again. He had altered very little. His eyes were just as bright as ever, and had the same trick of changing from intelligent inscrutability to kindness that I remembered. His figure had lost none of the slenderness that made him look taller than he really was; his face was still as ruddy as a young man's; only his hair and beard had turned from brown to grey.

"I remember that one of the first things he did after our arrival was to present me with the freedom of his house—of the treasures of its bookshelves—and of his garden, which was the one green oasis in dusty Peking. In the latter I amused myself vastly on sunny mornings watching the Chinese officials who came in their sable robes and official hats, topped with buttons to show their rank, and decorated with peacock's feathers, to consult the Inspector-General, or the I.G., as he was familiarly called throughout China.

"The house itself was long and low—high houses were taboo in those days in Peking, lest they should overlook or overshadow the Palace and built in the form of a letter H, partly through a sentimental connection with his own initial, and partly in order to utilize every scrap of sunshine and southerly breeze. The back wing contained suites of guest-rooms, while the cross-bar of the letter was occupied by three fine drawing-rooms filled with quaint things. Much to my delight, I discovered several chairs that, if sat upon, played tunes; and I often used to stand looking with awe at the beautiful Erard piano Queen Victoria had once used.

"In the front of the house was the big square centre hall known as the 'ballroom,' and the best dancing floor in Peking. My uncle's private rooms opened off this on



SIR LOUIS JETTE,
Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, who formally opened the Canadian National Exhibition on Tuesday. Sir Louis is short and slight, gray-haired and grave, and simple-mannered. His command of English is excellent, and he read his address with quiet dignity.

one side; on the other were two reception rooms furnished in Chinese style, and his private office—the sanctum sanctorum. Here he worked, standing always, with a rug strapped round him in winter and a little fly-switch beside him in summer, all day and every day, so long as the light lasted. If those walls could only have spoken, what secrets might they not have told! They had looked down on so many historic events, watched such critical conferences.

"The offices of the staff who carried out the I. G.'s brilliant plans were in a shabby little undersized building just beyond the garden walls. A telephone once connected them with the house, but my uncle, always inclined to be conservative in his habits, soon allowed it to fall into disuse, and reverted to the old-fashioned way of sending messages in portfolios by hand, and a continuous stream of ting ch'ais (official messengers) travelled from one building to the other.

"My uncle's carter had been thirty years in his service, and was a character in the neighborhood. So was his head chair-cooler, an old man full of tales of the great situations of his younger days when he carried the sedan-chairs of princes to audiences. When blindness incapacitated him, a son succeeded to his office, and presumed on his importance to terrorize the neighborhood, well knowing that my uncle, who was absurdly soft-hearted to his servants, would believe the most improbable story and get him freed. It used sometimes to amuse me when I overheard the servants talking about their master's possible departure from China. One would say to another mournfully, 'What shall we do if he goes? We have had too easy a life here ever to work under any one else.'

"Occasionally one of his boys—all personal servants in China are 'boys,' whatever their age or status—would remain away for a month, till at last even my uncle, who hated to be bothered about such things, noticed his absence. 'Doesn't the S'ing Wang' (literally, 'he whose name is Wang') ever come?' he might expostulate mildly. 'Doesn't he ever come to get his wages?' 'Oh no,' was the calm answer on several occasions; 'we send them to him.'

"The doyen of the household was even more privileged than the rest. He had been with the I.G. for half a century, visited 'Chinese Gordon' with him, waited upon Li Hung Chang, and once, in 1878, accompanied him to Paris, where the maids hung over the banisters as he left the hotel, and kissing their hands to him, called down 'Au revoir.' Feeling that such politeness merited a response, he kissed his yellow finger tips in return and called back, 'Allewalla, allewalla,' in the best French accent he could muster.

Should the King Interview Kings Alone?

M. R. J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL raises a point of national importance when, in the London Times, he draws attention to what he calls "a new departure in constitutional practice—the interviewers of the Sovereign with the heads of foreign States when unattended by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The practice, of which the recent interviews in which questions of State have been admittedly subjects of discussion between the King and foreign monarchs are ruptures, is thus enunciated by Sir William Anson in 'The Law and Customs of the Constitution':

"It is the modern practice uniformly observed by George III., and only for a short time broken by George IV., that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should be present at every interview between the Sovereign and a foreign Minister, and so far as the Crown from taking independent action in foreign affairs that all letters addressed to the Queen (Victoria) and the late Prince Consort by foreign Princes or received from them were shown to the Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister, and the same rule applies in domestic affairs."

"Mr. Todd, in his 'Parliamentary Government in England,' is no less emphatic in his statement of this practice. 'At every interview,' he writes, 'between the Sovereign and the Minister of any foreign Court it is the duty of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to be present. Private communication between a King of England and foreign Ministers is contrary to the spirit and practice of the British Constitution.'

"Lord Liverpool, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated Oct. 3, 1815, in absolutely rejecting the idea broached by Lord Castlereagh of allowing the Prince Regent to sign the Treaty known as that of the Holy Alliance 'without the intervention of his Ministers,' thus expounds the constitutional position of the King in relation to foreign policy:

"A treaty is an Act of State, and this treaty, if it is of any use, is obviously meant to be so. Now, nothing is more clear than that the King or Regent of Great Britain can be a party to no Act of State personally—he can only be a party to it through the instrumentality of others who are responsible for it. The Sovereign, therefore, never signs any treaty in the first instance. He negotiates, concludes, and signs by plenipotentiaries whom he empowers to do these acts. He afterwards ratifies whatever they have done if he approves of it, but this ratification must have the Great Seal affixed to it. If the Sover-

eign cannot sign a treaty personally, neither can he accede to it personally."

"Mr. Canning, writing on April 4, 1825, from the Foreign Office to Lord Granville, says: I should be very sorry to do anything at all unpleasant to the King, but it is my duty to be present at every interview between His Majesty and a foreign Minister."

"The fact that Sir Charles Hardinge, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has attended the King on his recent visits to the Emperors of Germany and of Austria, and the fact that not only Sir Charles Hardinge but Sir John Fisher, as representing the Admiralty, and Sir John French, as representing the War Office, attended the King on his recent visit to the Emperor of Russia, while emphasizing the political and diplomatic, as distinguished from the private, character of such visits, enforce the significance of the absence of the Foreign Secretary on these occasions, who is the Minister responsible to Parliament, and through Parliament to the country for the conduct of foreign policy—a policy which is practically removed from the effective control of Parliament, having regard to the fact that the Cabinet is able to commit the country to the greatest international obligations without consulting Parliament or the country. That Cabinet should not adopt a course which might lead to the inference that this great power for whose use it is responsible to the people has been delegated to the Sovereign.

"Lord Chatham's language, although vehement, was a justifiable vindication of a great constitutional principle, when, in an eloquent protest against the departure from the realm of George II., he said that a Sovereign going abroad should be attended by a Minister, and that the contrary practice was one which Englishmen should resist even with their bodies."

"The going abroad of a Sovereign unattended by a responsible Minister to hold interviews with foreign monarchs on affairs of State is calculated to render the Sovereign his own Minister, and to weaken the force of the leading maxim of the British Constitution, that 'the King can do no wrong,' which is itself based on the fundamental doctrine now impugned that the King can perform no Act of State, but that all the acts of the Crown must be supposed to have been done by some Minister responsible to Parliament."

When the King Goes to Marienbad.

THE King's original idea when he first visited Marienbad was to be really incognito, and be treated merely like some private foreign noble. This, however, was found to be unworkable, and was given up. The present situation may be expressed, perhaps, in this way: His Majesty pretends that he is Duke of Lancaster, and everybody treats him as King Edward. It was the local authorities really who knocked the incognito on the head first. They desired to fuss about and grovel and make arrangements for the special treatment of Royalty, which they could not manage for a foreign nobleman. Then the mobbing by the vulgar visitors gave the authorities an opportunity to interfere. It pleases His Majesty to have cards printed with "Duke of Lancaster" on them; but while he stays he is King of the place, as well as of England.

King Edward is by no means free from the cares of State while he is taking the waters. Every day a large budget of letters for him arrives by the ordinary post, and the King's messengers come twice a week with the more important letters and documents from the Government offices. This mass of correspondence His Majesty deals with each morning on returning from drinking the water of the Kreuzbrunnen, and in this task he receives the most valuable assistance from his two Equerries, who take it in turns to act as private secretaries.

Every morning the King rises sufficiently early to be down at the Colonnade of the Kreuzbrunnen before eight o'clock. He dines earlier than is his wont, to suit the habit of the place, and he goes to bed much earlier than usual, in order to ensure being up in time at the springs.

A King's Son Who is a Commercial Traveller.

SON of a king, yet earning to do a precarious livelihood as drummer for a typewriting concern at Vienna—such is the fate of young George Milan Christicz Johannides, whom his father, the late Milan of Serbia, was anxious to appoint as successor to his throne. The mother of the young fellow (writes an English correspondent) is Artemisia Christicz, who, as wife of the private secretary of Milan, aroused the latter's admiration and became not only his favorite, but likewise the cause of Queen Natalie's leaving both her husband and Serbia, and of their subsequent divorce. Indeed, the beautiful Artemisia may justly be regarded as having been the source of all the troubles of Milan, of his queen, and of their ill-fated son and successor, the late King Alexander. It was while Artemisia was thus living under the roof of Milan at the royal palace at Belgrade, after the departure of Queen Natalie, that King Milan, finding the presence of the complaisant husband superfluous, had the audacity to appoint him as minister plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin, where he was promptly declined as *persona non grata*.

So infuriated was Milan by Artemisia that when she bore him a son at Belgrade he not only caused her to obtain a divorce from Christicz, but likewise instituted divorce proceedings against Queen Natalie, with the avowed object of marrying Artemisia, of thus legitimizing her boy, and of proclaiming him the heir to the throne, in the place of Queen Natalie's son, Alexander. Before both had secured that matrimonial freedom which would have enabled them to wed, Milan was forced to abandon the throne of Serbia and to retire to Paris.

Decadent Journalism.

THE decadence of the old-time 'leader' has been noted and regretted in London journalism," writes the Chicago Dial. "The scholarly, deliberately-written, authoritative editorial is giving place to the flashy, sensational, truth-distorting and prejudice-breeding news article, headed, more American, with gigantic capitals, and printed with a 'display' of anything but reticence and modesty. Writers of the first rank, men of wide information and mature judgment, are now seldom engaged as leader-writers for the London dailies, but all available resources go to increase the prominence and the popular influence and attractiveness of the heavily-headed first page. Must we, lamenting this change, accept it as inevitable and sadly admit that the stately grace and the literary charm of a journalism that is dead will never come back to us?"

PROF. ADAM SHORTT will resign the chair of Political Science at Queen's University, Kingston, to accept a seat on the newly created Civil Service Commission. The appointment is an excellent one. Prof. Shortt is widely known as a man of singular clearness of view and fairness of mind.

LADY GAY IN HOLLAND

Some Interesting Notes of a Trip in the Dyke Country.

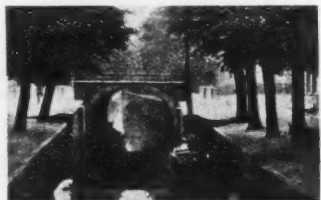
NOW and then, when I am making holiday, I find myself longing for twenty-four hours in bed—don't you? Such longing comes not to the holiday-maker in Holland! For it is the country of restful impressions, of wide green meadows, lush with growth, of fat, sleek Holstein cattle, aristocrats of their kind, black of head and shoulder and flank, and soft, pinky, creamy white in the middle—the dividing line between being so definite that one cannot believe each splendid beast is not wearing a saddle-cloth of delicate cream color! Not that the cows don't often wear coats. One sees them frequently browsing thus arrayed, as one floats on the canals, sprawling on the roof of a houseboat or rides above the meadow level on the careering trains.



"OUR STATELY PROGRESS."

We've had royal weather in the dyke-land, and all the picturesque interest of our rosiest dreams of folk lore and queer costumes and caps (one could write a book about the headgear of Holland), and amazing unconventionality of belief; there are more queer sects than one could imagine, and more Theosophists in proportion than anywhere else in the world. I came across a free-love colony, and a town where the "trial marriage" of the Igorrotes is the rule, and in each small, cosy hamlet the customs and the local tradition and the pride of *clique* are as distinct as the markings of the Holstein cattle!

It was tete day when we got up from Rotterdam to The Hague—the Queen Mother had wakened on the morning of her fiftieth birthday, and the Court City was celebrating it. Very pretty were the scenes which met the open eye of the traveller—the processions to the Royal Residence, young men and maidens singing through the streets and the square before Queen Emma's house gay with standards, garlands and wreaths.



EDAM.

On one side of the square our hotel ("Des Fudes") was overflowing with balcony gardens, white and pink against its gray front, and quite a festive flutter was in the air. The Queen Mother, on the upper balcony of her palace, looked young and fair and good. The imperious young Queen and her big Consort had for the moment a second place, for the exquisite standing floral tributes, roses and lilies and the like, were for the ex-Queen, and the cheers were for her, and the songs of the young people with their banners. For hours after the celebration the crowds lingered about the square, gazing seriously at the open doors and windows of the palace, chiding the boisterous Dutch juveniles, or quietly obeying the police and getting into decorous lines. The morning after the celebration it was, ho! for Scheveningen, and a dip in the sea, and a breath of gay life that took away the seriousness which is the flavor of the dyke-country. One may have more fun and gaiety at Scheveningen in a morning than in a fortnight anywhere else in Holland, unless at the rival seashore resort. The splendid beach was crowded with bathing machines, rugged smart bathing women, doling out towels and costumes, barefooted, grim of feature, taciturn, and ever alert. Pretty ladies, dapper men, beautiful children were all joyous over exquisite weather and fine bathing, and there were lovely fair-haired girls lying on the sand, with men in bathing dress or in flannels sleepily responding to their gay chatter. Huge old men with sou'-wester hats waded out with timid bathers. There were squeals of mirth and fright combined, and sudden upsets and rushes and commotions, and to laugh was the proper thing—to laugh loud and long!

On the other side of the square our hotel ("Des Fudes") was overflowing with balcony gardens, white and pink against its gray front, and quite a festive flutter was in the air. The Queen Mother, on the upper balcony of her palace, looked young and fair and good. The imperious young Queen and her big Consort had for the moment a second place, for the exquisite standing floral tributes, roses and lilies and the like, were for the ex-Queen, and the cheers were for her, and the songs of the young people with their banners. For hours after the celebration the crowds lingered about the square, gazing seriously at the open doors and windows of the palace, chiding the boisterous Dutch juveniles, or quietly obeying the police and getting into decorous lines. The morning after the celebration it was, ho! for Scheveningen, and a dip in the sea, and a breath of gay life that took away the seriousness which is the flavor of the dyke-country. One may have more fun and gaiety at Scheveningen in a morning than in a fortnight anywhere else in Holland, unless at the rival seashore resort. The splendid beach was crowded with bathing machines, rugged smart bathing women, doling out towels and costumes, barefooted, grim of feature, taciturn, and ever alert. Pretty ladies, dapper men, beautiful children were all joyous over exquisite weather and fine bathing, and there were lovely fair-haired girls lying on the sand, with men in bathing dress or in flannels sleepily responding to their gay chatter. Huge old men with sou'-wester hats waded out with timid bathers. There were squeals of mirth and fright combined, and sudden upsets and rushes and commotions, and to laugh was the proper thing—to laugh loud and long!

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beautiful miles of drive embowered with great trees—even a tram-ride has its sylvan charm in The Hague.

But it's on to Haarlem—tulip land, now gladiolus land, and a quaint inn, where one takes one's bath in an enlarged slop-bowl, with a tiny jug of water, so tiny one might believe oneself in Sahara desert instead of this water-soaked country. There was a free organ recital in the big church from two to three, and as Mozart played on that organ once, it sounded very good to us. And there were pictures to see: a Franz Hals room and some Rembrandts, which one has known as old friends through engravings and photographs. The big church has small, low, pointed-roofed shops nestling against its walls, wherein are fine brasses and various other inducements to spend one's gulders. These little shops, of which one might touch the eaves, are shining clean, and snuggle up against the big church in a very pretty and hens-and-chickens sort of fashion.

And after Haarlem, a country gay with gardens of flowers, acres and acres of them, roses, all sorts, and more dykes and windmills and canals, and broad, portly boats and cattle ever munching the lush grass, and about four o'clock milkers with pails hanging from wooden yokes across their shoulders, and a length of rope in one hand, to tie Bossy's hind legs together while the milking was in progress. The milkers march across the great "polders" (water meadows) and each herd is separated from the next by a ditch of water, and bridges between, with clesid hurdles, past which come wagons with huge cans for the milk. The quiet afternoon scene, the lengthening shadows, the slow plod of the men in sabots from cow to cow, the shining flow of snowy foaming milk, the listlessly swinging of the arms of the great windmills, the placid water of the trim canals, make a land of repose and great peace!

AMSTERDAM, and commerce! Life awakening to gain, and bustle, motors, trams, excursion steamers gaily flagged, a great station, a big square, a city alive and going! Everyone takes the excursion to the show places of these parts. Broek-in-Waterland, where one could die in peace and comfort, where the "show" cheese-making place is distractingly spotless, where each lady cow has a window with a lace curtain in her stall, and the sawdust on her floor is laid on in a pretty pattern; where she has a lock in the ceiling and a chain with a ring therefrom to hold her tail up; and where the master of the dairy takes one round with a pride quite pardonable. The lady cows are just now aliding in the lush meadows, but these quaint stalls are their winter homes. Broek-in-Waterland isn't the show place *par excellence* of this excursion, but I loved it best. Marken is the show place, a little



GIRLS OF VOLENDAM.

rocky island in the Zuyder Zee, to which one crosses in a wee boatlet, and is met by the population in quaint garb, intent on calculation of the amount of coppers to be had out of the gaping visitors. The Marken houses shine like the sun at noontide with cleanliness. Tiles, brasses and silver, and the Marken people never by any chance indulge in a bath! Small Marken folk all wear petticoats, but one may tell the boys from the girls by the pattern of their red and yellow cotton bonnets. The boys are cut in circles and the girls' square cornered! A Marken belle wears a fringe made fin-like with paste, and bristling like eaves over the brow, two long curls over the ears and all the other hair clipped close under her colored cap. This isn't any prettier than it sounds.

From Marken back to the mainland, and Volendam, on a Saturday, with ranks of fisher boats in for Sunday, and fishermen in vieux-rose blouses, wide trousers and wooden shoes, squatting on their heels on every roadside and talking double Dutch. No wonder artists love Volendam; it makes pictures as the moments fly! More quaint we children, more belles, now in white winged caps and a touch of vigor and freedom in pose and motion. At Volendam, luncheon in a great open verandah—and a view of a Dutch gentleman hanging out the wash. He has a double clothes-line very much twisted and pokes an end of the sheet or garment between the twists, which catch it fast, instead of clothes-pegs! The stormy sea breeze dries the sheets and clothes in quick order, and the Dutch gentleman sits down to rest during the process. There is a canal from Volendam to Edam, and on it a grimy houseboat, onto which the knowing ones pile, taking possession of the roof, while others fill the cabin and little spaces fore and aft. A gentleman in tabots draws the towline over his shoulders and plods off with the houseboat, while another steers it by a great rudder from the shore. We sing and laugh and conduct ourselves in a manner totally out of keeping with our stately progress and the landscape, and enjoy ourselves keenly on the journey.

Edam, home of delicious cheeses, fetches us off the roof of the houseboat into the special tram-car, and we get back by Monnikendam to Broek and finish up in Amsterdam at about five o'clock, in a huge state of satisfaction with our trip.

This was the first time in many pilgrimages that I ever succumbed to the influence and guidance of "Cook," but it was altogether the best way to make the tour, and the "Man from Cook's" was well worthy of his following. During the trip we accumulated post-cards, wooden shoes and blue china, the packing and transportation of which has since caused many an accentuation of the penultimates of most Hollandish-town names.

REDUCED RATES FOR LABOR DAY

via Grand Trunk Railway System. Return tickets will be issued at single fare between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y., good going September 4, 5, 6 and 7. Return limit September 8, 1908. Secure tickets at City Office, north-west corner of King and Yonge streets.

Tenorial Expert (cutting colored man's hair)—"Rastus, your hair is like wool." "Rastus—Well, yoh d'dn't sweet to cut silk fo' fifteen cents, did yoh?"—Harper's Weekly.

"How d'd Mrs. Peterkin come to 'a' in love with her chauffeur?" "Quite natural'y. They were forced to take long walks together."—Judge.

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IRISH LINEN Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 40c per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 50c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c per yard. Surplus Linen, 20c per yard. Dusters, from 75c per doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.15 per doz. Linen Diaper, 20c per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloths, from 10c per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 9c per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.50 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 9c; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.20 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 20c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4 fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$1.25 the half-dozen.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—THE QUEEN. Children's, from 30c per doz.; Ladies', from 50c per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 9c to \$4.00 per doz.

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Visit us and let us explain to you the merits of the illimitable quick-repeating action that is used in the Bell Pianos.

Bell Piano Warerooms
146 Yonge Street
Pianos Rented.

MR. A. MAURICE LOW, the Washington correspondent of The London Morning Post, writing from Denver, says: "A news vendor was urging the passing delegates to 'Buy your home papers; all the papers from the East.' I wanted a New York paper, and I stepped up to his stand, only to find that his East was bounded by Chicago. He had papers from Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, and other 'Eastern' cities, but the real East, that is the East of the true Easterner, did not exist for him. I bought a Chicago paper, and asked the man why he called Chicago the East.

"Well, it is, ain't it?" he replied. "Chicago is east of Denver, ain't it?"

Logically and geographically his answer was unanswerable. I fell back on subtlety.

"But if you call Chicago the East what about New York?" I asked.

"Oh, blazes!" he repeated, indignantly, but with warmth. "New York ain't nothing; it ain't the United States. It's just a lot of condemned duds and foreigners and Wall street. If you want God's country come out here."

The reader may imagine that I have drawn on my imagination for this little conversation. I assure him not. It is a faithful reproduction of what actually took place on one of the leading streets of Denver. And strange as it may sound to English ears there is nothing strange about it to Americans, or even to me, who is something less than a stranger to America.



Furs of Superlative Excellence—EATON'S

There is on view in the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition a fur coat that every visitor to the Exhibition really ought to see.

The above illustration serves to indicate something of the graceful lines upon which it is modelled—but nothing short of an inspection of the garment itself could give the faintest conception of its truly regal magnificence.

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Niagara-on-the-Lake

MRS. SUYDAM and Mrs. Barnard gave a very jolly Bridge party last Monday afternoon at the Queen's Royal Golf Club. The prizes were won by Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Walters. Dainty refreshments were served during the afternoon, the table being prettily decorated with asters. A few of those present were Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Moncrieff, Miss Foy, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Howell, Miss B. McGill, Miss McLean, Mrs. Gearey, Mrs. Conley and others.

Mr. George Sweeney spent the week end at the Queen's Royal.

Mrs. J. A. Perry, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Stevenson, has returned to Swarthmore, Pa.

Mrs. Peterson and her daughters, who have been spending the summer at the Oban House, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Harry Bain, of Ottawa, spent the week end in town with her sister, Mrs. T. L. Gallagher.

Miss Nellie Heward, of Montreal, has arrived in town to spend a few weeks.

The confetti ball on Saturday night was a very brilliant affair, the largest crowd of the season being present. The decorations were much admired. Tennis prizes were presented during the evening by Dr. Crawford, of Cincinnati, who made some very humorous remarks. A few of those present were: Mrs. Porter and party, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Hon. J. J. Foy, the Misses Foy, Miss Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Syer, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Duggan, the Misses Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. Oscar McGaw, Miss Ford, Miss Maud Wier, Miss Miller, the Misses Rosenmuller, Miss Geddes, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Walters, Dr. and Mrs. Snell, Miss Servos, Mrs. Baine, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Miss Garrett, Miss Lancing, Miss Wilkinson, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Riggs, Mr. Cole, Mr. McRoberts, Mr. Watson, Mr. Gearey, Mr. Reid, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Grieves, Mr. Gordon Crawford, Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. Winnett Thompson, Mr. Cochran, Mr. Ernest Moncrieff, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kirkover, Mr. Burns, Mr. Baird and many others.

The Fourteenth Annual Tournament of the Niagara Golf Club, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th, was the most successful ever held on the Fort George Links. The beautiful new Trophy which has just been put up by the Club was won by Mr. A. A. Adams, Hamilton, who met Mr. J. H. Forester, Mississauga, in the finals. The greatest excitement prevailed during this match, crowds following the players. In fact, in every event on the programme was the keenest interest taken. The beautiful cup put up for the Team Match was carried off by Mr. C. S. Ball (Lambton). On Saturday afternoon tournament tea was given, at which Mr. C. S. Hersing, captain of the Club, presented the prizes. Tea was served under the beautiful old trees in front of the quaint old club house. Mrs. J. H. Lewis presiding. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Grev, Mrs. McGaw, the Misses McGaw, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Lancing, Mrs. Charles Ball, Mrs. Muirhead, Mr. and Mrs. Breadon, the Misses Breadon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ball, Toronto; Mrs. Macpherson, the Misses Eckersley, Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Mrs. Baine, Ottawa; the Misses Heward, Miss McGill, Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Wilkinson, New York; Mrs. Mann, Buffalo; Miss Asbury, Miss Carnochan, Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Garrett, Mrs. O. McGaw, Miss Ford, Miss Phillips, Miss Fell, Mrs. Riggs, Miss Boulton, Miss Geddes, Mrs. Randall, Miss Randall, Miss Colquhoun, Miss Desbarats, Montreal; Mrs. Godfrey, Miss Maud Wier, Mr. A. A. Adams, Hamilton, Mr. R. B. Buchanan, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Burns, Mr. A. A. Jones, Toronto; Mr. Clark, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Fenner, Mr. C. T. Watson, Mr. Cochran and others.

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Baron von Landsberg Orders One for His Castle in Germany.

Those Canadians who have of late years taken pride in the phrase, "Made in Canada," will be gratified to learn of an honor which has just been paid to Canadian industry and skill that could hardly be surpassed in its significance. It goes without saying that to be anything other than a reproach the phrase, "Made in Canada," must carry with it a certificate of excellence, and one manufacturer, at least, has shown that it does.

Some years ago, in 1886, to be exact, the late Chancellor von Bismarck was struck by the tonal beauty and superb quality of workmanship of a piano exhibited at the Indian and Colonial Exposition by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, of Toronto, Canada. So much so, indeed, that he purchased it and had it installed in his Castle of Friedrichsruhe, where it became the favorite instrument of the ladies of his family.

Now, in Germany musical taste is more widely diffused and more highly organized than in any country under the sun. It is a nation whose Kaiser himself is an amateur composer, and where the higher forms of music are the recreation of its statesmen. The endorsement of the greatest statesman in its history was naturally an honor prized beyond words by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, who is one of those "old-fashioned" manufacturers, to whom the excellence of his output gives greater pleasure than immediate profit. Little did he dream, however, that the incident was to have a sequel.

This summer he took a vacation in Germany, and early in August chanced to meet his Excellency Baron von Landsberg, one of the greatest men of the German nobility, and possessor of the highest orders in the Empire, than whom none stands closer as personal friend and adviser to the Kaiser. The conversation turning on Canada, the Baron spoke of the Canadian piano he had heard and admired at Friedrichsruhe. Learning that he was talking to the very man who had made it, he ordered one for his daughter, who is one of the finest musicians and pianists in Germany.

Mr. Heintzman was commanded to visit the castle of Landsberg, and heard the Baroness play. It was then decided that the instrument should take the form of a studio grand, built in conformity with the historic furniture of the castle, which is in rich mahogany. Orders were at once cabled to Toronto, and the piano will be shipped to Germany this week. A representative of SATURDAY NIGHT saw the instrument, and in beauty of workmanship and exquisite quality it should amply meet the expectations of its recipient.

It must be admitted that so signal an honor from so authoritative a source has seldom been paid to Canadian industry.

"The advertisement of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway Commission, asking for tenders for Mining Leases of Cobalt Station Grounds, part of Lot 44 and Lots 338, 388 and 389, Cobalt, has been withdrawn. New advertisement will appear shortly."

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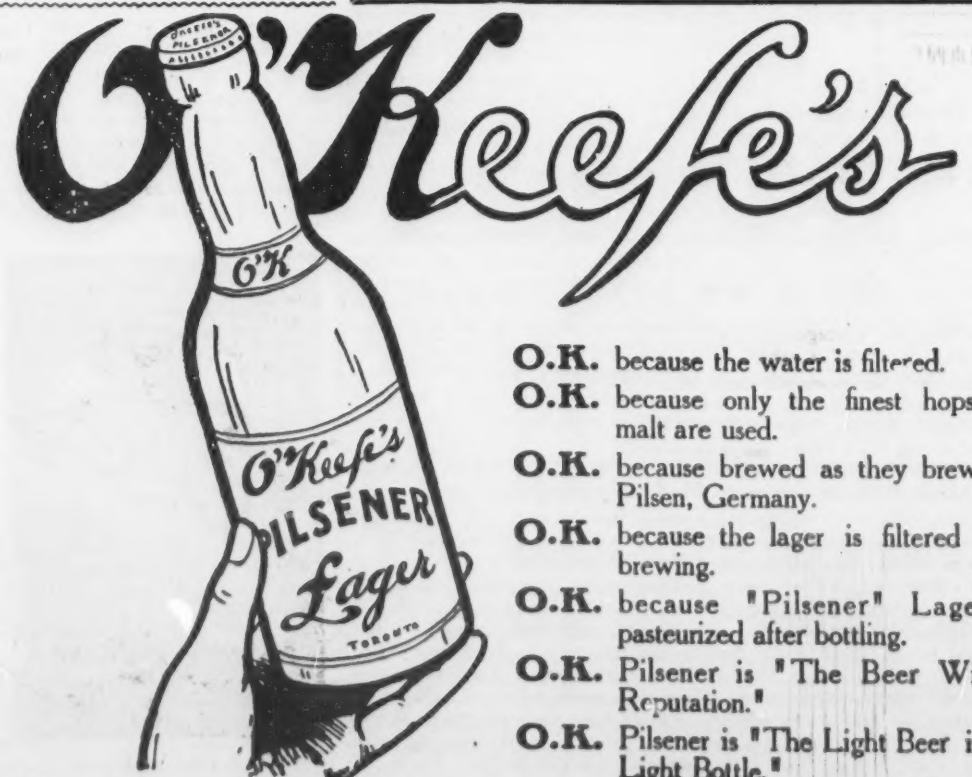


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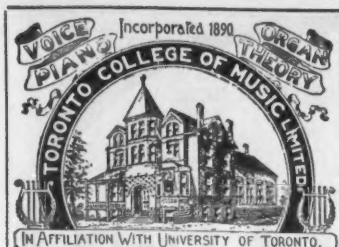
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THE unfavorable weather last Tuesday evening was responsible for a somewhat slim attendance on the occasion of the first of the series of organ recitals in the Metropolitan church to be given by Mr. H. A. Wheelon, Mus. Bac., (cantab) F.R.C.O. A careful perusal of the programme of each recital which appears in pamphlet form reveals the excellent judgment and taste shown by Mr. Wheelon, in arranging same, and as the recitals are to be continued each evening during Exhibition the attendance is certain to assume encouraging proportions. One could not find any fault with the character of the programme numbers on this occasion, each one being distinctly attractive. Mr. Wheelon's ability is well known and any organ student possessed with a keen sense of musical observation could not fail to be impressed with his playing. The big organ in the Metropolitan church is a most difficult instrument to handle, yet Mr. Wheelon revealed a mastery over it that inspired one with confidence, whether in the matter of registration or clearness of technique, the recitalist was equally successful. Perhaps the most outstanding number of the programme was the descriptive "Faust," Fantasia (C. Gounod), which received an intelligent and illuminative rendering. In the E. H. Lemare "Madrigal," a composition of striking beauty, Mr. Wheelon was successful in producing effects which made the number one of enchanting delicacy. Special mention might be made of the delightful pastorella, "L'ave dans la Campagne" (N. Cellega), an attractive composition introducing the chimes; the overture, "Si j'étais Roi" (A. Adam), and the "Deep River," a characteristic piece of writing built on a negro melody (S. Coleridge-Taylor), concluding with a Toccata in C (Sonata 14) (J. Rheinberger), constituted the remainder of the programme. The visiting vocalist was Miss Bertha Crawford, soprano, who was in fine voice and sang with artistic taste, "I Will Extol Thee, O Lord" (Costa), and "Thy Will be Done" (Speaks). In connection with Mr. Wheelon's appointment at the Metropolitan church there seems to be an impression in certain quarters that the talented organist only came to Toronto for one year, but this is not so, as this paper has it on excellent authority that Mr. Wheelon is highly pleased with his surroundings here, where he will be permanently located.

Mr. Frank Welsman has returned to town and will be found at his studio at the Conservatory of Music.

The Conservatory of Music will manage the Symphony Orchestra affairs for their engagement with the Sheffield Musical Union concerts in Toronto. After those events the management will be assumed by a citizen's committee, with Mr. H. C. Cox as chairman.

The Royal Alexandra Theatre has opened the season under most favorable circumstances. Their first offering was "Robin Hood," at the Saturday matinee, and the opera has been drawing crowded houses all this week. This (Saturday) afternoon Leslie Stuart's popular "Florodora" will be revived. The company is stronger than last season, both in regard to chorus and principals. Louise Le Baron, the new solo contralto, has made a most favorable impression by virtue of a warm colored voice of very even texture. Miss Agnes Cain-Brown, the prima donna, has a bright voice with considerable flexibility, and there is a second soprano, Miss Collier, who is an attractive singer and a clever actress.

Mrs. R. Lorne Stewart has been supplying for Miss May Stockwell, soprano soloist of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church during the month of August. Mrs. Stewart sang "More Regal in His Low Estates," from "The Queen of Sheba," at the closing exercises of The Conservatory of Music. Dr. Fisher and many others complimented her very highly on her work that evening.

Mr. Ralph Green, of the Union Bank, pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, has been appointed tenor soloist of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church.

Under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham the active work of the chorus singers of the National Chorus will commence next week, and as some of the numbers selected are of a more

than usual difficult nature the conductor intends insisting on regular attendance of all the members as a qualification to take part in the performances. The Society will, as last year, hold its rehearsals in the hall at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the first which will be for tenors and basses, will be on Thursday, the 10th inst.; the second for sopranos and altos on Saturday the 12th, and a full practice for all the parts on Monday, the 14th.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson is resuming his classes at the Toronto Conservatory of Music this week, after an extended holiday in the Lake of Bays district.

Miss Marie Strong, who has returned from her vacation at Orangeville, will resume teaching on Monday at her new studio in the Nordheimer Building.

Mr. Frank C. Smith, violinist, will resume teaching on Monday, Sept. 7th, at his studio, 143 Yonge street.

On Thursday, Sept. 10, new classes in Children's Kindergarten Music will open at the Toronto College of Music and at the several branches. The Kindergarten Method is now recognized as the one effective method of imparting a love for, and knowledge of, music to the child. The child's love of play is utilized to make the study of music enjoyable, and graduates from the Kindergarten classes make rapid progress at the piano keyboard. Full information regarding these classes given on application to the College on Pembroke street, or any of its branches.

The regular rehearsals of the Toronto Oratorio Society—Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor—will begin for the season on Tuesday, 22nd inst., when Haydn's "Creation" will be taken up. During the past six seasons this society has established itself as one of the leading choral organizations in the city, and under Mr. Sherlock's capable conducting has successfully produced many of the most important of the large choral works, including the "Creation," "Seasons," "Judas Maccabaeus," "Samson," and others. Last season there were 175 singers enrolled, but it is the aim of the conductor to increase this to 200 for this season, and singers wishing to join the chorus may apply to Mr. Sherlock, at his studio, 15 King street east. As formerly, eminent soloists and full orchestra will be employed.

Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts, the well-known reader, who has returned to make her home in Toronto, will shortly open a studio for instruction in the Art of Expression and public speaking. Success has marked the career of Mrs. Roberts on the platform, and as a teacher her wide experience will prove invaluable.

Miss Ethelwyn Jenkins, the well-known contralto soloist of St. Anne's Episcopal Church, recently visited Woodstock, and sang at two of the churches there. The Daily Sentinel-Review, of July 14, says:

"Miss Jenkins, of Toronto, sang two solos on Sunday last in Dundas Street Methodist Church. Her sweet strong contralto voice was heard with delight by two congregations. In the morning she sang, 'A Voice from Paradise,' and in the evening a very fine setting of the hymn, 'Abide with Me.' Both were exceptionally well rendered."

Emil Sauer, whom the London Pall Mall Gazette recently called "the most melodramatic player in the world," will be one of the commanding figures of the coming musical season, and will be heard again in Toronto. Sauer made a sensation on his tour of America nine years ago. He will be remembered

as a pianist of extraordinary personal magnetism who delights to play upon the human nerves. Sauer's tour will be under the management of Bernhard Ulrich.

Deploing the decline of the string quartette as a vehicle for musical expression, the London Musical Journal says:

"When Joachim died there was virtually an end to the string quartette, confessedly the highest form of abstract music. There is little hope that artists of supreme distinction such as Kreisler, Kubelik and Elman, will devote themselves to the study of the string quartette. One artist of the younger school, however, strikes us as pre-eminently fitted for quartette leading by virtue of the refinement of his style and perfect taste in phrasing, and that is Zimbalist, who is at present giving a good deal of attention to the study of string quartette. All power to his elbow, and let us add (in the interest of the violin) to his wrist."

Zimbalist, it seems, will tour America this season.

A great acquisition to the cause of music in the city of Toronto will be the new organ now being manufactured by the celebrated firm of organ builders, Cassavant Bros., of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., for the Toronto Conservatory of Music. This fine instrument will be installed ready for use next month, and will have a long life of having a fine concert organ in a secular hall. No trouble has been spared in drawing up the specification to make the organ as complete and up-to-date as possible; in fact, every mechanical device that will be of assistance to the player has been provided for, and special attention has been given in regard to the voicing of the pipes. The instrument will consist of three manuals and a pedal board, 41 speaking stops, 23 mechanical registers, and 24 pistons. The action will be electric throughout. A special feature will be the extension of the wind chests and pipes a full octave above the manual compass. This will give complete scope for the octave couplers. Two wind pressures will be used in the organ, and most of the reeds will be placed on the high pressure. In all modern organs the best results are obtained by using different wind pressures, and so the new Conservatory organ will be a model of modern organs; and the Conservatory of Music is to be congratulated upon contracting for so fine an instrument.

An important appointment recently made is that of musical directress of the Peterboro Normal School. This position has been awarded to Miss Helen Davies, whose solo work at the concerts of the National Chorus last season will be remembered. Miss Davies is one of Dr. Albert Ham's many successful vocal pupils.

Should American girls prepare for the stage in Italy? Not if we believe Emil Bridges, who writes to Musical America from Milan that after having been for four years constantly with artists, he can give the assurance that "the half of the horrors of a 'debut in Italy' which America demands of her singers cannot be told, as, after having passed such an ordeal, most of the victims are ashamed to acknowledge having submitted to such indignities." The Italian teachers confess "they hardly know of one perfectly honorable impressario." The debutante usually has to pay the impressario a considerable sum in advance, and has no redress if he disappears with the cash. If the debut actually comes off, "it is the signal for no end of small extortions—the reporters and editors demand extra money—the claque, ditto; one man has influence, tickets must be sent to his friends, the orchestra and chorus must be tipped; and the members of the company itself must be 'squared.' After all this is done, the very tickets given may be sold at half price to the drunken dregs of the village, who think themselves patriotic in 'drowning' the foreigners who are taking the bread out of the mouths of the poor Italians." When to all this one adds the fact that many Italians

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LOW RATES TO MICHIGAN AND ILLINOIS POINTS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway's advertisement in another column gives rates on the annual Western excursions, leaving Sept. 17, 18, and 19, for Detroit, Bay City, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other points. Dollars saved on every ticket.

Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding-house? Seymour—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—September Smart Set.

"Yes; I am going abroad." "And how are you going to arrange your itinerary?" "Oh, pompadour. I think that will be most suitable for travelling."—Washington Herald.



ANEC DOTAL

A RATHER good story is told of Lord Aberdeen, a former Governor-General of Canada and a well-known peer. While walking along a country road in Scotland he saw a sailor about to inflict a blow on his better half. Lord Aberdeen intervened.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" he informed the sailor. "The idea of any decent man striking his wife! Don't you know that she is the weaker vessel and—"

The sailor was partly drunk and wholly unmoved.

"Little mon!" he said with a wink. (Lord Aberdeen is no giant in stature.) "Little mon, dinna fash yer self. I ken weel that my wife is the weaker vessel, and 'tis for that cause that I'm learnin' her to carry the less sail!"

BOBBIE, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower-garden, and shouted. "Scat! scat!" The cow didn't seem to be much intimidated, and calmly ate on. Three-year-old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed:

"Tell him to 'scow,' Wobbie, tell him to 'scow!'"

WHEN recently leasing a house in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, the lessee failed to examine closely the terms of the lease. After a time his landlord called and reminded him that he was bound to do all the outside painting at certain intervals. The tenant protested in vain; so he engaged painters and ordered them to paint the whole front of the house red, white and blue—in stripes.

When it was finished the neighborhood rose up in arms, and the landlord was frantic. The tenant politely explained there was nothing in the lease about the color, so he intended to finish the job by painting the back of the house green with large yellow spots. The landlord saw that he had met his match and within a few days the tenant had a new lease in which the landlord undertook to do all the outside painting.

A BROOKLYN man tells a good one on himself. He was entertaining a friend from Philadelphia when the conversation turned upon domestic economy.

The Brooklynite had just explained how careful his wife was in everything. She had a place for every object in the house, and in that place the object was invariably to be found.

"Just to show you," said the proud hubby, "I may say that after I had dressed this morning and turned out the gas, I found that I had forgotten a handkerchief. I opened the chiffonier drawer, and there in the corner, as usual, was a pile. I took the top one, and did not have to strike a match. Here is the handkerchief. I have not even unfolded it."

Whereupon the Brooklynite triumphantly shook out the folds of the object, which he proceeded to flaunt in his friend's face. Then both burst into laughter. The Brooklynite was waving a baby's shirt!

IN making a sharp turn, the rear end of a street car struck an express wagon laden with jugs of whiskey. Nearly all the jugs were precipitated to the pavement, with the natural disastrous result. The driver of the wagon alighted, and, pointing to the pile of demolished earthenware said to a bystander: "That's hell, ain't it?"

The spectator, who happened to be a minister, replied: "Well, my friend, I don't know that I would say that, but it's at least the abode of departed spirits."

MR. GREEN had been paying four dollars a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to five dollars."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, and then in a tone of consternation he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do now to eat four dollars' worth."

THE clock in the public library reading-room indicated twenty minutes to one, and the reader, with glance at it, opened another volume and entered upon the last lap before luncheon.

A quarter of an hour later he looked up and started violently. The hands indicated that four was soon to strike. A panic-stricken suspicion that he must have slept through the interval, and missed both luncheon and hours of reading, was not borne out by a survey of the neighboring students, who seemed to be distributed exactly as he had last noticed them.

Another glance at the clock. It was five minutes past seven!

But the reader's brain was saved by the sudden appearance of the head and shoulders of a mechanic above the time-piece, and this time the hands were whirled about from the outside.

And the reader went out for luncheon and fresh air.

A CLERGYMAN, still on the under side of fifty, but extremely bald on the back of his head, was one time called upon to address the inmates of an old woman's home. His remarks appealed strongly to the old ladies, and when the address was over one of them confided to him with much feeling the pleasure his words had given her. "There's no use talking," she concluded, "the young ministers may be all right enough, but they can't reach the heart like them as has gone through life and knows what it is to be growing old."

"That's very true," responded the clergyman, somewhat taken aback; but—how old do you suppose I am?"

"Well, I'm not good at guessing ages," replied the old lady; "but you look about eighty behind."

LITTLE Bob, who for some months had invariably ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterward he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see twin boys who had arrived during the night. Bob looked at the two babies critically, and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying, or there'd been three of them."

HERE is a leap year story: After a brief two weeks' acquaintance he invited her to go to the ball game with him.

"There's Jarvis! He's a good one. He's a pitcher for your life. And that's Johnson, over there. He's going to be our best man in a few weeks."

"Oh, Walter! He'll do all right," she hisped hurriedly, "but it is so sudden, dear."

THE Bible class teacher in a certain Sunday school was extremely annoyed at the noise made by pupils in the next room. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he looked over the partition and, seeing one boy talking louder than the others, he leaned over and hoisted him over the partition, and banging him into a chair, said, "Now be quiet."

Some minutes later a small head appeared over the partition and a meek voice said:

"Please sir, you've got our teacher."

A WOMAN in a Western city, who belongs to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," not long ago spent a month in a backwoods district.

Shortly after her arrival she went to the local post office and inquired if any letters had come for Sister Bernadine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered.

"Sister who?" he asked incredulously.

"Sister Bernadine," repeated the lady, "a sister of St. John the Baptist."

"I think not," he answered dubiously. Then, after some reflection, he added:

"Say, ain't he been dead pretty near a hundred years now?"

WHEN the teacher was absent from the schoolroom Willie Jones wrote on the blackboard:

"Willie Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

"William, did you write that?" asked the teacher upon her return.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you may stay after school as punishment."

"Got a licking, didn't you?" asked one boy when Willie came out.

"Nope."

"Got jawed?" asked another.

"Nope."

"What did she do?"

"Shan't tell, but it pays to advertise."

B. SWEET, a Topeka capitalist, stopped at Abilene in the early days at the best hotel in the city. He asked for his breakfast. The waiters took no special notice of his appearance, or at least did not guess that his appetite was different from the average patron's.

"Give me some eggs," said Mr. Sweet, and waited.

In a little while the waitress came back. In a bowl she had a full dozen eggs, all hard boiled.

Sweet gasped and ate what he could, protesting that she had brought him too many and that he didn't just know how hard boiled eggs would strike him for his first meal of the day.

"Why, that's a regular cowboy's breakfast," responded the waitress.

IT is the man who looks for trouble who generally finds it. When Bishop Dudley was about to transfer the field of his labors to Kentucky, some of his friends were inclined to remonstrate.

"So you are really going to Kentucky?" said one of them.

"Yes, indeed," replied the bishop.

"But do you know what kind of a State that is?" inquired the anxious one. "Why, I saw in the paper that in a Kentucky town one man killed another dead for just treading on a dog. What are you going to do in a place like that?"

"Well," replied the bishop, calmly, "I am not going to tread on a dog."

A RUSSIAN monnik sat in the anteroom of the military commission of his town with an anxious frown on his face. A friend approached and said:

"What is the matter, Piotr?"

"I am worried," Piotr answered, "about my son. I don't know what to say when the commissioner asks me about his age. You see, if I make him out younger than he is he will be sent back to school, and if I make him out older they'll stick him in the army. What the deuce am I to do?"

"How would it do if you told the commissioner his exact age?"

Piotr slapped his leg and laughed delightedly.

"The very thing!" he cried. "I never thought of that."

BILLY CRANE brings this story from San Francisco:

A friend met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered all that was the fate of the hardest hit. "Well, Pat, how are you making out?"

"Oh, O'm on me uppers yet, but I have a fine job in Honolulu, and fare paid. I sail to-morrow."

"Sure, man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is a hundred in the shade."

Pat had endured too much cheerfully to be discouraged. "Well," he replied, hopefully, "I'll not be worruking in the shade all th' toime."

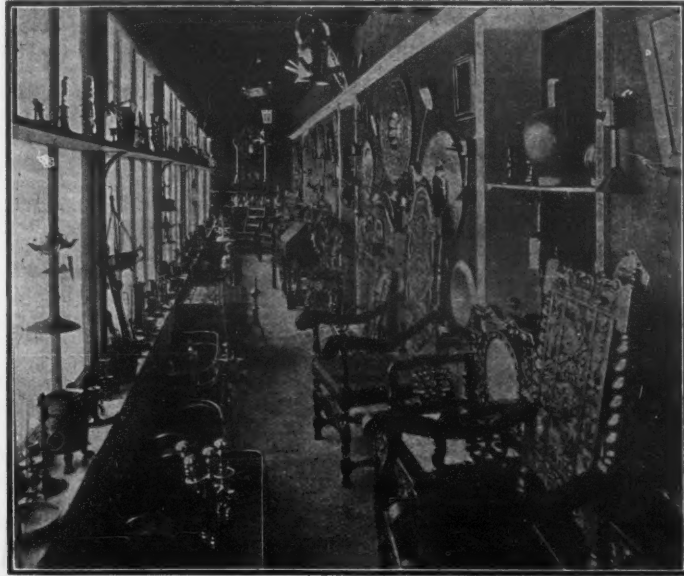
LITTLE John had just graduated from his tin bath-tub and was being given his first bath in a stationary one. The shining faucets and fixtures of the porcelain tub so fascinated the child that he could not be persuaded to leave the water, and his nurse was at a loss to know how to get him out without his making an uproar. But when she removed the stopper and the water began flowing down the waste pipe with the peculiar sound it always makes, John set up a howl.

"Take me out!" he cried in terror.

"I'm goin' froo!"

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expenditure of nervous energy,

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Shur-On Eye-glasses

NORAH, the "green" cook, poked her head in at the dining-room door, and asked: "Place, ma'am, an' how will I be knowin' when the puddin' is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," answered the skilled housewife, "and if the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"Yis, ma'am."

"And, O, Norah," continued her mistress, "if the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

It is sufficient for some people that they drink anything called tea. Others prefer a standard brand like "Salada," which has a reputation for being good. The latter get more enjoyment out of life. In buying tea for the satisfaction you expect to get from its use, it will pay to purchase "Salada." Avoid anything "just as good." Imitations are invariably of poor quality.

NEW COUNTRY FOR HUNTERS.

Go with your rifle this fall into the promising hunting country reached by the new C.P.R. line between Toronto and Sudbury. Splendid sites for hunting camps. Game everywhere. Information and maps gladly furnished by C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, C.P.R., Toronto.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE usual first-of-September rush back to town has set in this week and every train and boat brings its contingent of tanned holiday makers, who are only too pleased to return after a strenuous summer outing. Principal and Mrs. Auden are back at Upper Canada College, after spending the summer at Lake Joseph; Mrs. and Miss Galt have returned from Little Metis; Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson are back from the Coast. The Toronto musicians just returned are: Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, from Prince Edward Island; Dr. Torrington, from Cushing's Island, and Mr. Vogt, who has been at the Royal Muskoka enjoying some excellent golf; Miss Beatrice Cosgrave and Mr. Jim Cosgrave, who were over to England on a flying visit, came back by the Empress this week. Lieut.-Colonel Stinson has also just returned from the Old Country. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bastedo are back from a visit to Mrs. Bastedo's father, Captain Walker, at his summer home, Glebe Farm, Cobourg.

Miss Katie Hagarty is staying with Mrs. Nordheimer, at Penetanguishene.

Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cotton, of Spadina avenue, have returned from spending the summer on the Lake of Bays.

Mr. Stephen Jones and Mr. J. W. Mackenzie left this week for a month's trip to the Coast. Dr. Burson and Mr. Jack Neale have rented a house in Deer Park for the winter.

Mrs. Frank McKelcan and her sister, Miss Aggie Dunlop, are spending some time on the Georgian Bay.

An interesting event occurred at Minicoganashene, Georgian Bay, on Wednesday last, when Mr. Justice Garrow unveiled a memorial, cut in the solid rock of the island, to the late Col. Cautley, who lost his life in an accident at Buffalo, last fall, while on his way to church one Sunday morning. The memorial consists of these words, cut in the rock: "To the memory of Lieut.-Col. J. C. Cautley, 1908." Several years ago the late Col. Cautley purchased Minicoganashene, and made of it a favorite summer resort, where many leading Toronto people lived during two or three months of the year. He was a man possessed of many fine qualities and his death was deeply regretted.

Miss Lillian A. Landell, whose marriage to Mr. Frederick H. McDonald took place on Wednesday, Sept. 2, was guest of honor at a variety shower given on Friday afternoon by her bridesmaid, Miss Jean Pearse, of Robert street.

Some Torontonians in Montreal this week were: Mr. James Scott, Prof. J. D. Robertson, Mr. A. V. Stephenson, Mr. H. B. Jackson, Mr. A. Roblin, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Eugene Coste.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Watt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lockart Watt, to Mr. Arthur Bruce Sorley, takes place in St. Paul's church, at 230 next Tuesday, with a reception afterwards at 16 Scarth road, Rosedale. Another wedding of Tuesday is that of Mr. Charles E. Auger, lecturer at Victoria College, to Miss Lillias Pearl Smith.

The Canadian Independent Telephone Association will meet in Toronto next Wednesday.

The Superintendent of Grace Hospital Training School for Nurses has issued invitations for the graduating reception class, 1908, on Saturday evening, Sept. 12, at 8 o'clock.

Dr. and Mrs. Hood have returned from St. Andrew's, New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. George Patton have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth McLeod, to Dr. Charles John Currie, B.A., in St. Andrew's church, Carlton street, at 2 o'clock on Monday, September 14.

The marriage of Miss Edith Lyle Graham to Mr. James Herbert Hunter, of Winnipeg, takes place at the Wesley Methodist church at 3 o'clock on Sept. 9, with a reception at 28 Rusholme road.

The Marchioness of Donegal is the guest of the Misses Creelman, in Montreal, this week.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark have returned from Cushing's Island, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ross are in town this week visiting Mrs. W. D. Matthews, before leaving for a cruise on their yacht through the Grecian Archipelago and up the Nile. They will be joined on the yacht by Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, of Montreal, who are sailing this month to place their son at Rugby, in England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Polson to Mr. Alexander Kingstone Handy, of New York, nephew of the late Hamilton Killaly, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harman and Miss Adele Harman have returned from the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Julius Miles has returned from Port Arthur.

Dr. Fulton Risdon has returned to town after spending a couple of weeks at St. Thomas.

Mrs. Howard Whyte, of New York, with her little son, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. Wellesley Holmstead, 166 Wright avenue.

Miss Mary Topping, of Woodstock, who is on her way home from New Liskeard, is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. M. B. Rice, Ossington avenue.

Mrs. J. Sackville Killaly has returned from spending the summer at "Mona Cottage," Lake Couchiching. Mrs. J. Harry Pettit has returned from Orillia.

The members of the delegation of Scottish farmers, who have been in town this week, by invitation of the Dominion Government, were housed at the King Edward, some of the most notable being: Sir John R. Sinclair,

D.S.O.; Dr. Carlin Martin, M. A. M. Prain, Major David A. Spence, Mr. E. B. Robertson, Mr. Harry Hope, Mr. James Dunlop, Mr. George Marshall, Mr. R. P. Wright, Mr. William Barber, Mr. W. Bruce, Mr. R. S. Gibb, Mr. Geo. A. Fergusson, Mr. F. A. Forsyth, Mr. R. B. Greig, Mr. Angus McIntosh, Mr. G. L. Aitken, Mr. E. E. Morrison, Mr. McHutchen Dobie, Mr. John Spier, Mr. E. E. Johnson, Mr. Wm. Henderson, Mr. J. M. Hodge, and Mr. James Keith.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. May Lean, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lean, Harwood, to Dr. G. A. Adams, son of Dr. J. G. Adams, 86 Hazelton avenue, Toronto. The marriage is to take place about the middle of September.

Mr. Frank Macdonald has returned from Cobalt.

Canon and Mrs. Welch have returned from Minicoganashene.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Mackenzie have come back to town from Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Patterson has returned from England.

Mr. Cecil Gibson returned from England by the Arabic last week and paid a flying visit to Bedford Pool, Maine, on his way home to Toronto.

The private view of the British, French and Canadian pictures at the Canadian National Exhibition, which was held this week, was attended by a great many artists and prominent people interested in art, who were well repaid by a sight of the exquisite works of art, representing the highest efforts of both the old and new countries.

Mrs. Clarence Chipman, Miss Dorothy Chipman and Mr. Hamilton Chipman were in town last week, on their way home to Winnipeg, from England, and stayed at the King Edward. Mrs. and Miss Chipman lunched with Mrs. Scott Griffin during their stay in Toronto.

Sir Ralph Benson, Lady Benson, and Miss Benson, of Madras, India, are at the King Edward hotel.

Sir Charles and Lady Moss have returned from Muskoka; Sir Charles and Miss Adelaide Moss were among the interested visitors at the private view in the Art Gallery at the Exhibition this week.

Captain Keith Edgar is at home from India, staying with Lady Edgar.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Edwards announce the engagement of their daughter, Blanche Madolin Edwards, to Mr. Herbert Victor Tilley. The marriage is to take place late in October.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Lyle Husband, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Husband, 121 Crescent road, to Mr. W. B. Scace, of Brantford, the wedding to take place on September twenty-third.

The Bishop's Mistake.

A RECENT issue of the weekly edition of the London Times contains another of those servile appeals for financial aid for Canada which are so objectionable to independent men in this country. This time the offender is the Lord Bishop of New Westminster, who happened to be in London attending the Lambeth conference when the Fernie fire took place. His lordship promptly "wrote to the Times" drawing the attention of philanthropic England to Canada's need for aid. After reciting the statements in the cable report and the efforts being made on this side to relieve the sufferers the bishop proceeds: "But all the world knows that we are a poor, struggling community. And so I would also appeal for immediate help from the United Kingdom, which would be received with peculiar gratitude. I speak from personal knowledge of the leading men in Kootenay when I express my conviction that whatever is sent to them will be used wisely, to the best advantage. In no part of the empire is love for the Motherland stronger than it is in Canada. Wherever I go through my diocese I meet with men who feel their duty in South Africa."

With all due respect to his lordship's position and good intentions he should be informed that he holds no begging brief for the people of Canada. This country is not a "poor, struggling community." It is a wealthy and progressive country which is quite capable of looking after its own people. The spontaneous offers of aid which came from cities in other countries were welcomed in the spirit in which they were made, but no one has a right to solicit charity for this Dominion. And, above all, Canada does not want England to give money to Fernie sufferers because Canadians did their "duty" in South Africa. The bishop's appeal was unwarranted in all respects, but the reference to South Africa was in decidedly bad taste.—Calgary Daily Herald.

An Old Friend Recalling.

THIS from our jocund friend, Life, of New York: The Prince of Wales wore a pearl-colored top hat at Quebec. Such hats were prevalent in summer in this Republic about thirty years ago. They gratify many lawful human cravings; the hatters like to sell them because they are expensive, and young men, especially college undergraduates, find in them a welcome expression of that joyousness of spirit which is the lawful property of youth.

It is a wonder that hats that contribute so acceptably to the decoration of life and the demonstration of joy have ever been allowed to drop out of use.

Have American men grown so material-minded that the vogue of these tiles cannot return? Let us hope not. They are so useless, so joyous, so symbolical of leisure, irresponsibility, and epicurean ideals that we would welcome a recurrence of their loosening influence upon our too insistently painful American life.

Come back—come home again—oh, Pearl Top Hat! We need you in our pleasures! The Prince of Wales looks very pleasing in his. There must be a hundred thousand American heads that ought to lose themselves next spring in the same fashion. About six thousand of those hats would greatly adorn the college boat races next June, and would smash effectively in the moments of unrestrained fervor.

—BUSINESS HOURS DAILY—
Store Opens at 8.30 a.m. Closes at 6 p.m.

STRIKINGLY ORIGINAL STYLES IN THE NEW FALL COSTUMES

Originality, which is pleasing and in thorough accord with the season's best style offerings, marks the display of tailored costumes now on view in our Garment Section, 2nd floor.

The collection embraces a very wide range of distinctive models on the directoire lines, not extreme, just sufficiently suggestive to bring them within the range of the directoire period; perhaps it will not be out of the way to mention a few prices, although most women at present are more concerned in the style than the cost, still to say that we've some striking styles in the new long coat suits at \$18.50, \$22.50 and \$25.00, may be of interest to those who want something nice at a moderate cost.

The suits referred to at these special prices are strictly fashionable in style and cut. The coats are full silk lined; the materials are new, stylish, and serviceable; the tailoring first class. In a word the suits are from our own workrooms, which is a guarantee that they are as near the faultless stage as care can bring them.

W. A. Murray & Co. 17 to 21 King St. East, Toronto
10 to 20 Colborne St. Victoria St. West to Colborne St.

Exhibition Visitors will find

Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

the best place to stay at while in Toronto. Open day and night. Excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.

A dainty bill of fare served at all hours. Bath, including bed, \$1.00. Room 50 cents extra.

202-204 KING ST. WEST

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission.

Tenders for Mining Lease.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Mining Lease," will be received at the office of the Commission, 25 Toronto Street, Toronto, up to twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday the sixteenth day of September, 1908, for mining leases for 999 years of the following parcels:

PARCEL 1.—The Cobalt station grounds, comprising 13 acres, more or less, the right of way adjoining the station grounds to the south containing 1.15 acres, more or less, and the right of way to the north of the station grounds and comprising 2.68 acres, more or less, all as shown on plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 2.—The westerly portion of Lot 44 in the Township of Cobalt, containing 4.04 acres, more or less, as shown by another plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 3.—Lots 338, 388 and 389 in the Township of Cobalt, including the mining rights under one-half the streets adjoining said lots.

An accepted cheque upon a chartered Bank of Canada, payable to the order of Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, for the amount of the cash bonus tendered for such lease must accompany each tender.

Forms of tender and of proposed leases (reserving a rental of \$1.00 per annum plus 25 per cent. of the gross value at the mouth of the mine of all ore mined) and full information and plans showing location of each parcel may be examined at the office of the Commission in Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

All tenders must be made on the form supplied by the Commission for the purpose, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering.

In case of each parcel the party whose tender is accepted will be required to promptly execute a lease in form satisfactory to the Commission, failing which his deposit will be absolutely forfeited to the Commission.

The cheques sent in by unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them.

The Commission does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. J. MCGEE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 6th August, 1908.

Papers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.

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Realistic Spectacle

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

With 900 Performers

MARVELOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY

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Each
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Every
Evening

TWENTIETH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW

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The Yorkville Laundry

47 Elm Street.

THE DRAMA



MONTGOMERY AND MOORE

Feature artists with "Follies of 1907," at the Princess next week.

F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s "Follies of 1907," which comes to the Princess on Monday, Sept. 7, for a week's engagement, is a satire on the fads and foibles of the times. The book is by Harry B. Smith, and the lyrics and music by various "lions of the hour." The engagement will open with a matinee on Monday.

In "The Follies of 1907" the mirror is held up to the face and character of many men and women of prominence. It is the highest type of Parisian burlesque and was imported direct from Paris and localized by F. Ziegfeld, Jr., who engaged Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell to do their best in his behalf, which they did satisfactorily.

The numerous novelties contained in "Follies of 1907" struck base New York as hits. But perhaps the most sensational of these, and the one that creates the most comment wherever it is presented is the Maude Allan "Vision of Salome," executed by La Millas, the famous Grecian classic dancer. Six beautiful Gibson bathing girls posing in a cool kinoscope sea, six stunning show girls in six stunning peacock gowns and sixteen dashing drummer-girls parading throughout the audience are three individual hits of the performance. Thirteen scenes fill out the production of "Follies of 1907," and in each scene one or more sensations grace the revue.

The cast includes Wm. J. Montgomery, Florence Moore, Ross Snow, Chas. A. Mason, Marius Libby, Nellie

By C. J. TOWNSEND

SALE OF High Class Furnishings

We have been commissioned by **MR. W. H. STEELE** to arrange for sale by auction at his residence.

No. 67 Howland Avenue

On Thursday, Sept. 10th

AT 11 A.M.

the contents of his well furnished residence.

C. J. TOWNSEND,
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ROYAL ALEXANDRA

Mats. Tuesday and Saturday

WEEK
STARTING THIS AFTERNOON

IMPERIAL OPERA CO. IN

Florodora

WITH THE

Famous Double Sextet

Prices: Evgs., 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Mats., 25c and 50c.

Starting Sat. Mat., Sept. 12

"The Circus Girl"

Daly, Ernune Earle, Prava Navarre, Chas. and Anna Glocker, James Manley, Irma Croft, Estelle Colbert, Lois Berri, Helen Du Bois, Phil Jaffe, Jack DuBall, and Fitzsimmons and Gross. The musical numbers are "Pocahontas," "All Look Alike to Mary," "I Think I Oughtn't to Auto Any More," "I Want to be a Drummer Boy," "On the Grand Old Sands," "The Gibson Bathing Girl," "Come and Float me, Freddie," "In the Surf," "The Heart Breaker," "Miss Ginger of Jamaica," "Oh, Marie," "Handle me With Care," "Dixie Dan," "Bye-Bye, Dear Old Broadway," "Whistle if You Want Me," "Somebody Ought to Tell Her Husband," and a very lively musical specialty by Montgomery and Moore.

The Imperial Opera Company starts the second week of its engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on Saturday afternoon with "Florodora." The patronage accorded the organization in "Rouin Hood," the initial offering, bespeaks a highly successful season. The company has in its repertoire some of the very best works ever seen on the lyric stage, and it has the singers with which to present them in a creditable manner.

Particularly fortunate was the management in announcing "Florodora" for the second week. This undoubtedly is one of the best musical comedies ever written, as its long and successful runs in England and America will attest. Three years in London and two years at the Casino Theatre in New York have made it one of the most popular of the English musical plays. Leslie Stuart was at his best when he wrote the score, and Owen Hall never did anything better since he furnished the book and lyrics for "Florodora."

This is the first season that "Florodora" has been in stock, and so difficult of production is it that few stock companies essay to attempt a presentation. The Imperials, however, produced it in Cleveland with much success. They are thoroughly familiar with it, and consequently a finished production can be looked for.

As in the original production, the famous double sextette will form a prominent feature in the Royal Alexandra offering. Laura Christopher, Eleanor Rose, Inez Casner, Marguerite Moran, Josephine Bartlett and Florence McClure, six of the prettiest girls in the company have been selected for the number and handsomely gowned, they should make as striking an appearance as their predecessors. The six men chosen to assist them are the most capable obtainable. Hence the number should go with all of its old-time enthusiasm and popularity.

The coming presentation of "Florodora" will signalize reappearance in the cast of four of the old favorites: Clarence Harvey, leading comedian; Violet Colby, soprano; Laura Butler, mezzo-soprano; and George LeSoir, comedian. Mr. Harvey will be seen as Anthony Tweedlepunch, Miss Colby as Angela, Miss Butler as Lady Hollyrod and Mr. LeSoir as Leandro. Hallen Mostyn will be the Gilfain, George Tallman the Abercoed, Harry Girard the Donegal, and Louise LeBaron the Dolores.

Among the song hits are: "The Credit is Due to Me," "The Silver Star of Love," rendered by Miss LeBaron; "Somebody," by Miss LeBaron and Mr. Tallman; "When I Leave Town," by Miss Butler; "Gallop," by Miss Colby and Mr. Girard; "I Want to Marry a Man I Do," by Miss Butler, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Mostyn; "Phrenology," by Mr. Mostyn; "The Shade of the Palm," by Mr. Tallman; "Tact," by Miss Butler; "The Millionaire," by Mr. Mostyn and Clerks; "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," by the double sextette; "We

Get Up at 8 A.M.," by a trio; "The Fellow Who Might," Miss Colby; "We're Both on the Stage," by Miss LeBaron and Mr. Harvey; "I've an Inkling," Miss Butler; "The Queen of the Philippine Islands," by Miss LeBaron, and "I Want to be a Military Man," by Mr. Girard.

"Florodora" will be presented twice Saturday, matinee and night, and next week, "The Circus Girl" being put on next Saturday afternoon. The matinees will be on Tuesday and Saturday.

The headline act at Shea's Theatre next week is May Boley, in an original musical monologue. The special features for the week are Imro Fox, the conjurer, and Clarence Wilbur and his "Ten Funny Folks," introducing "The Six O'Connor Sisters," Toronto's famous songsters. Other capital entertainers on the bill are: The Exposition Four, Lafayette's Dogs, Charlotte Townsend & Co., Muller, Chum & Muller, and the kinetograph.

Strength in olio features is regarded by Manager Louis Robie, of Robie's Knickerbocker Burlesque Company, which comes to the Gayety Theatre next week, as an essential element of success. The Robie Company always has a good olio, and this season is no exception. The specialty features are Manning and Dixon, for the first time in burlesque, offering a comedy novelty called "A Smash-up in Chinatown"; the California Trio, two women and one man, instrumentalists; Alice Cheslyn, high class and character vocalists; Flo Elliott and Ben Neff, in a comedy sketch; Morton, Temple and Morton, experts in modern dancing.

The Princess Theatre was opened on Monday night with the much-talked-of play, "The Thief," and it has been presented before good audiences during the week. It is a striking play and it is easy to understand why it made such a stir in New York, where it ran for ten months at the Lyceum Theatre. Of the cast presenting it here, it may be said that it is not the New York Company, and yet its excellence is surprising. The outstanding roles are taken by Effie Shannon and Charles Dalton, and they both do really fine work. Our old friend Herbert Kelcey has an important part, and in it, as usual, he succeeds in giving character and an atmosphere of reality to the play. The other members of the small company required for the piece are Eugene O'Brien, Arthur Lawrence, Cecil Owen and Edith Blair, and to all of these credit must be given for excellent acting.

The plot of "The Thief" has been made familiar to theatre goers at large. The play, like many others, claims to point a moral, but, unlike many others, it comes very close to succeeding. Marie Voysin, the wife who is the thief, steals in order to make herself attractive in her husband's eyes, and this opens a question that is many sided and well worth thinking over. Do husbands, as a class, expect too much of their wives at the point of appearance without giving reasonable thought of what it costs them, in money and morals, to make themselves attractive? "The Thief" puts this problem before us in a very striking way. The play is one that no one at all interested in the drama ought to miss. It is good at every point. It thrills, it teaches a useful lesson, and at the conclusion it leaves one with no unpleasant feelings.

Mr. Dalton, as the husband, does an admirable piece of acting, marked by considerable restraint; and Miss Shannon in the difficult and exacting role of the wife and thief, reveals ability and power of which one had not thought her to be possessed.

Toronto amusement seekers in general will have an opportunity of viewing the world-famous "Salome" dance next week, when La Millas, the star of "Follies of 1907," comes to the Princess. La Millas, like Maud Allan, has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe. When a mere girl she was discovered by Abdul Hamid, the Turkish Sultan, and installed as favorite in his sacred harem. She remained a prisoner for nearly two years, when at last she managed to escape and flee to France, where she went upon the stage and scored a signal success that made her a wealthy woman. Her escape from the harem was a piece of ingenuity on her part, though it cost the life of a guard who assisted her, and the forfeiture of the jewels that had been showered upon her by Abdul Hamid.

Eugene W. Presbrey, the well-known playwright, is at work on a dramatization of "The Coast of Chance," the Chamberlains' popular story. Mr. Presbrey has established himself as the most successful adapter of novels for the stage.

"To think that I have travelled the world over and used the finest of pianos, then to reach Canada and discover the Heintzman & Co. piano, a veritable Prince among pianos, compared with any I have ever used."—De Pachmann.

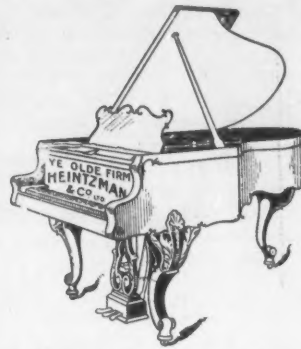


Illustration of the Piano specially selected by the Prince of Wales for his private apartments at the Citadel, Quebec, during the Tercentenary, now on exhibition, beautifully draped with the Union Jack, at the National Exposition, Toronto.

The title to the greatest piano made under the British Flag has been worthily bestowed on the

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Piano

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No piano of home or foreign manufacture, outside of a Piano of Heintzman & Co., was good enough for the Prince of Wales' personal apartments, either in 1901 or 1908, when on a visit to Canada.

In a short time the Sheffield Choir, the greatest musical organization in Great Britain, will cross the Atlantic, to give a series of concerts in the leading cities of the Dominion. They have chosen a Heintzman & Co. piano for use at all concerts.

"I had not the slightest idea that such a magnificent instrument as the Heintzman & Co. Concert Grand Piano was manufactured in Canada."—Nubini, the blind Italian artist.

"I can assure you that it was to me, as an Englishman, the greatest pleasure to find so splendid a piano assisting in the musical prestige of Her Majesty's foremost colony."—Plunkett Greene.

"The pianos of Heintzman & Co. astonished me. I am not surprised at the success these instruments have met with in England."—Dan Godfrey, R.A.M.

"It afforded me the greatest pleasure to know that so fine an instrument as the Concert Grand Piano of Heintzman & Co., used at my concerts in the Armories, is manufactured in Canada."—Pol Plancon, French Basso.

This is the piano that is the attraction of all music-loving people, who are visiting the Toronto Exposition. Turn to the right as you enter the Manufacturers' Building and you will find there on exhibition, attractively draped with the Union Jack, the particular Diminutive Grand Piano used in the private apartments of the Prince of Wales, at Quebec, during Tercentenary week.

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MUSICAL REVUE

INTRODUCING A GALAXY OF STARS

LAMILLAS, The World Famous "A VISION OF SALOME"

Maud Allan's sensation - - - - - Classic Dancer in
MONTGOMERY and MOORE
Marius Libby
Estelle Colbert
Chas. A. Mason
Irma Croft
Anna Glocker
Rose Snow
Prava Navarre
Phil Jaffe
Hermie Earle
Helen DeBos
Lois Berri
Jack DuBall
Nellie Daly
Chas. Glocker
Fitzsimmons and Gross
James Manley

Special Bargain Matinee Monday (Last of Day) and Wednesday. Sale of Seats now open.

GAYETY DAILY MATS.

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WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 7
DAILY MATINEES

ROBIE'S BIG SHOW

THE "KNICKERBOCKERS"

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25
Week of Sept. 7
Evenings 25 and 50

First Appearance Alone of
MAY BOLEY

In an Original Musical Monologue.
THE EXPOSITION FOUR
In a Musical Treat.
CHARLOTTE, TOWNSEND & CO.
Troubles of Two Working Girls.

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And His Acrobatic Dogs.
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TEN FUNNY FOLKS

In Their Merry Boarding School Frolic.
MULLER, CHUMM & MULLER
Greatest of Hoop Manipulators.

THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.
SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION:

IMRO FOX
The Original Comedy Conjurer
"The Box of Capigastro."

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

CANADIAN Esperantists will be interested to learn that Revells report that they will issue immediately a 600-page "English Esperanto Dictionary," prepared by Joseph Rhodes. In addition to this they are preparing two books by Edmond Privat, one, "Esperanto at a Glance," and the other, "Esperanto in Fifty Lessons." Mr. Privat is the Swiss representative of the International Society and is now in the United States as ambassador of the new tongue. He has succeeded in organizing a large and enthusiastic American Esperanto Association, which has invited the next International Conference to meet at Chataqua next year, a rather imposing sum of money being already pledged to guarantee the success of the meeting.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the Canadian poet and novelist, of late years resident in New York, was in Toronto last week on a trip across Canada to the Pacific Coast. No doubt we shall see some of the results of his observations worked into a work of fiction later on in the year.

The Busy Man's Magazine for September is well up to its own excellent standard. It contains a large number of articles and stories which have been carefully selected from leading periodicals. The illustrations, too, are numerous and interesting. Among the original contributions are articles on "Beautifying the Capital City of Canada," "Vivid Impressions of the West," "What Good Roads Mean to Business," "How Mr. Taft Spends His Holidays in Canada," "The Young Man as a Factor in National Life," "The Supremacy of Christian Ethics," and "A Man Who Stands by His Convictions."

According to the present copyright law, it is impossible to protect the title of a book. The contents are protected, but the name is not. A particularly flagrant and familiar case is "The Man of the Hour." This admirable title had been given commercial value by the success of Octave Thanet's popular novel. It was calmly appropriated and tacked on to a political comedy that was in no

sense a dramatization of the book. And now comes the announcement that a play entitled "The Best Man" is being produced in Boston. Mr. Harold McGrath might feel, with some justification, that his well-known story had secured to him a proprietary interest in that title, but the courts would not recognize it.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, has been appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

The popularity of Bliss Carman's new volume of essays, "The Making of Personality," has aroused renewed interest in his earlier prose works.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) has been engaged this summer in finishing the biography of Dr. James Robertson, the pioneer missionary superintendent, who has furnished inspiration for many a page of his stories.

W. J. Dawson will issue through the Revells Company in September a new novel, "A Soldier of the Future." Dr. Dawson is rated among the best of modern literary critics and does not fall beneath his standards in his own work. The forthcoming novel is reported by his publishers to touch on some live questions of the day, and is likely to create quite as much discussion as his "A Prophet in Babylon."

Canada seems to be sending out quite a number of books this year of more than usual merit. Revells report that Rev. Robert E. Knowles of Galt, is finishing a new novel to be published in the early fall, entitled, "The Web of Time." The story is reported to be that of a lad whose fate is whittled out with merciless severity but leaves him a rare man. Mr. Knowles' earlier books, "St. Cuthbert," "The Undertow" and "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" have all had quite a wide circulation.

Miss Irene Osgood, an English novelist, has offered three prizes, amounting to twenty pounds, for the three best criticisms of her new novel, "Servitude." Miss Osgood declares that she wishes to get at the opinions and advice of the reading public.

Mr. John Stuart Thomson, who is by birth and education a Montrealer, is winning rapid success with his short stories in New York. The Metropolitan Magazine, which published his story, "Wang's Horse-

shoes," in the May, 1908 issue, in its advertisement in the August number pronounces his story, "Excommunicated," which they will issue in September, as "reminding one of Kipling at his best." Mr. Thomson is the author of the many sketches of Oriental travel which have appeared in the Montreal Gazette in recent years, and is also the author of two successful books of verse, "Estabelle" and "A Day's Song," issued by Briggs, Toronto, which were published shortly after he left McGill College for New York, where he now resides. He mentions with gratitude Dean Moyse, the late Prof. Paul Lafleur, and the late Dr. Campbell, of the Presbyterian College, as his mentors in the study of English literature.

Richard Harding Davis has been sworn in as deputy sheriff at White Plains, New York, at his own request, so as to police his property in North Castle, where there have been some daring hold-ups.

CONCLUSIVE FIRE TEST.

The Winnipeg Automobile Club's Endurance Race has resulted in a decided gain in popularity for Dunlop tires. There were 29 cars entered the race from Winnipeg to Brandon, and of this number 22 were fitted with Dunlop tires. Four cars made perfect scores and of these three were fitted with Dunlop tires.

The four cars making perfect scores in the Winnipeg to Brandon race were subjected to another endurance run from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie. The four cars entered for this second test were fitted with three sets of Dunlop tires and one set of another make of tires. The two cars making perfect scores in the endurance run to Portage la Prairie and return, came through on Dunlop tires. One car fitted with Dunlop tires and one car fitted with another make of tires failed to make perfect scores. In the case of the third set of Dunlop tires it was car trouble that caused the delay. In the case of the other car, fitted with another make of tires, two punctures contributed materially to the delay that detracted from the possible score.

The results of endurance races are always conclusive. However easy, or severe, the conditions of the contest the achievements are measured by comparison, and where eight makers of tires equip the wheels, and ten different makes of automobiles supply the cars, the final results attest the merit of the winning cars and the tires that carried them through.

Love and the Aeronaut.

WON'T you come and fly with me?
I know sky paths all untravelled,
Cloud banks, cool as cool can be,
Ways through stars to be unravelled;
Skirt with me the rainbows red,
Flutter through the lazy hours
Like the fleecy clouds and thread
Vapory lanes and untraced showers.

Up and up and up—away!
Leave the hills and clear the mountain,
Dripping with the showery spray
As a song bird in the fountain.
Till the lights that twinkle far
Where poor mortals fret and ponder

Seem as distant as the star
Twinkling in the heavens yonder.

Don't you feel the spread of wings?
Don't you feel the anchor slipping?
Bid farewell to earthly things—
Heaven's Love! The gas bag's ripping!

Quick, your hand, Love! Do not
quake!

Shades of Virgil, Homer, Sallust!
We are just above a lake—
I must throw you out as ballast!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Sun.

"Country constables who make a living arresting automobilists wouldn't have half so much trouble stopping the scorchers if they used a little ingenuity," says one of the offenders. "Chains across the road and moving vans blocking the highway are all right to accomplish the purpose, but they're cumbersome. A better idea for causing a prompt slow-up is to scatter a lot of grain in a road and turn a lot of hens loose. They would block the road all right, and if there's one thing that will make a chauffeur slow up it's a hen. Dogs are bad enough, but a hen always runs the wrong way, and if the machine is going at any speed usually ends up under the wheels. Hitting a hen will sometimes throw the front wheels out of line and cause the car to swerve, so drivers almost invariably slow up and give poultry a chance to get out of the way. A hen speed trap is a great idea, to my way of thinking, and, of course, if one of the birds were killed the cost could easily be added to the driver's fine."

The Boy (fervently)—You are the first and only girl I ever loved, Ethel. She—Ah, what lots of fun you have ahead of you, Freddy!—London Opinion.



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The Greatest Event in the History of Household Economy Since the Appearance of the Sewing Machine

Broom and brush remove only surface dirt. The carpet sweeper is the least thorough of all. Carrots, nuts, furniture, draperies, etc., dust with pulverized dirt, broom and brush are not removed. Vacuum cleaning is the only scientific method of cleaning. It is the only method that removes dirt from the pores of the carpet, the crevices of the furniture, the folds of the draperies, etc., and leaves the surface as smooth as a billiard table. The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is the first scientific application of the Vacuum Cleaning principle. It is the strongest, most construction thorough, it always works easily, and always is reliable. Neat, compact, firm and strong to endure, it is built for hard and lasting service.

No More Ripping Up or Tearing Down

All the terrors and confusion of special house-cleaning times abolished. Nothing has to be taken up and beaten. The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER thoroughly renovates every time it cleans. It cleans and renovates carpets, rugs and matting without their being taken from the floor. It cleans and renovates upholstered furniture without its being taken apart. It cleans and renovates draperies, etc., without their being taken down.

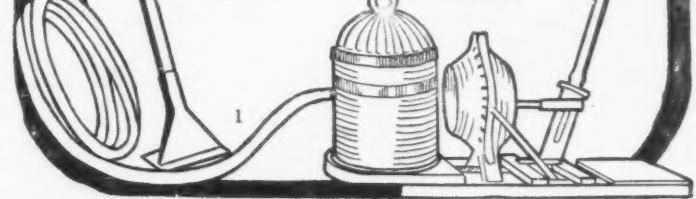
Your Protection on Buying a Machine

Every machine is guaranteed to be just as here represented and to give absolutely satisfactory service. If it is not, then, for any reason you are not thoroughly satisfied with it, send back the machine, your expense, and you will be refunded of course. We ask you only that you give it a trial. In 5 or 10 minutes you will see, in general, more satisfactory work in a machine and much out, than any other means of cleaning of cleaning the great Vacuum Cleaning principle.

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The American Vacuum Cleaner Co.
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Wines

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THE PRINCE
OF WALES



H.M.
THE KING OF
THE BELGIANS

H. M. KING EDWARD VII.

Gilbey's "INVALID" PORT

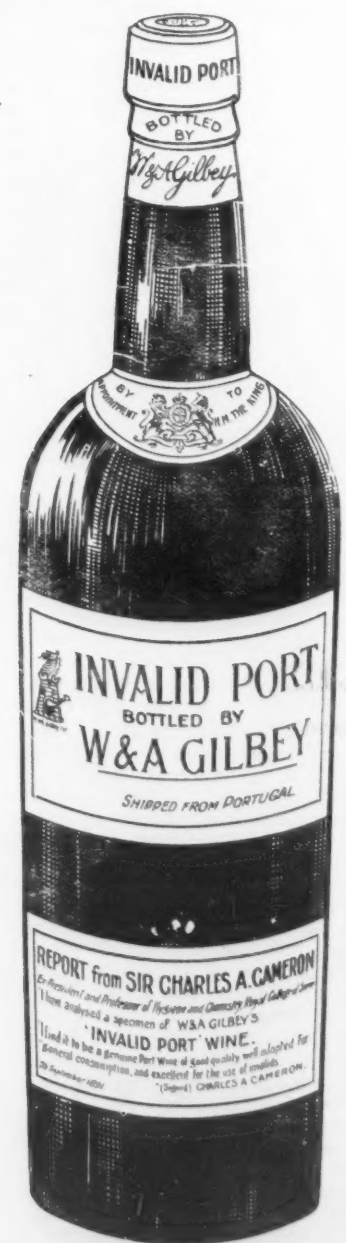
is guaranteed to be a pure Oporto Wine entirely non-medicated and which, by reason of its excellence and intrinsic tonic value, has become widely known, and is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession in Great Britain as an after dinner wine and for the use of invalids (especially in cases of Fever and Influenza).

Owing to the great demand for this excellent wine many imitations have been placed on the market under the style of "INVALID PORT"—therefore you are requested to ask specially for

Gilbey's "INVALID PORT"

which is the original brand and is for sale by all leading wine merchants and hotels throughout the world.

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Descriptive matter mailed free.

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Submarine Strategy. (Continued From Page 9.)

grasping his hand, tears standing in his eyes.

"That's all right," replied Chillingworth. "If you're content, I am, too. Now, then, I'll be off. Declare war punctually at twelve to-morrow; send your man a wire. Don't allow anyone ashore meanwhile, and especially keep that reporter chap under lock and key. The old gunboat can follow when she likes, and dictate what terms you will if she ever reaches Pamira. There'll be nothing to hurt her once she gets there, not after about four to-morrow afternoon.

At Pamira all was excitement. The Devastator would sail next day to bombard the town of Villambrosa, unless, indeed, the Roxalians climbed down meanwhile, and agreed to the impossible conditions offered them, in spite of the impudent defiance which had this day been hurled in the face of Pamira by the Roxalian minister.

"The poor devils," as Karl Edouard expressed it, "had declared war to save their pride," and his Yankee son-in-law had rejoined: "They may declare war, but I bet my life they can't wage it. What! against this yer Devastator? They're going to climb down soon's they see her, father-in-law, that's sure as death."

Fortunately for them, most of the crew of the Devastator were ashore being entertained by the marine authorities before entering upon the arduous duty of steaming to Villambrosa; for, about three o'clock, the harbor quays being then crammed with spectators anxious to see the beautiful cruiser which had but to appear in order to dictate terms to the bold enemy who had dared to hurl defiance in her face, a stupendous, blinding, desolating, and most amazing thing happened before their very eyes.

Suddenly, without warning, as men stood and admired her lines, her rig, and her armament, the bows of the vessel seemed to part asunder and fly disunited to all points of the compass. At the same time water, steam, fire (as it seemed), and a bewildering mass of fragments of copper, wood, steel, and what-not rose like a huge column into the air. The great ship reared her stern and bent forward, as though she would bury her tortured bows in the cool waters. Deeper and deeper, went her head, and higher and higher reared her stern; down and down went the bows, until at last they ceased to sink, and the Devastator stood upon her head, half in the water and half out, like a duck feeding among the weeds. The war had begun, and it was over.

When the citizens of Valparaiso came down to breakfast next morning, those of them whose windows gave to the harbor were amazed to see that the Cormorant lay at her old moorings. They rubbed their eyes and looked again. Then they went down to join the crowd that stood and gaped on the quay, staring at the little vessel, which seemed to have returned from the Ewigkeit as mysteriously as it had disappeared. Chillingworth was undergoing an interview at the time.

"The beggarly thing ran away with us," he was explaining. "Where did she take us to? Heavens knows, my good man; how should I? It all looks the same at the bottom of the sea. I know what was wrong, but that's my business. It has taken a week to

repair, that's all I can tell you. She won't do it again. Look a bit pale, do we? No wonder; you breathe bottled air instead of draught for a whole week, and see what you look like!"

The thing was a seven days' wonder and is still talked of in Chili. As for Roxalia, she behaved generously. It may be that those who sailed for Pamira in the old gunboat were so devoutly grateful to have arrived safely at their destination that they were not inclined to deal harshly with their helpless enemies. They dictated terms, indeed, but they were mild ones; and the Pamirans—chastened by misfortune and disappointment—appreciated their generosity.

As for Prince Consort Heavyside, he remained thoughtful for several days. It was only when he read a certain paragraph copied from a Chilean paper that he seemed to awake from his reverie and stupor.

"By snakes, I have it!" he exclaimed. "Of course, why—" Heavyside did not finish his sentence, but he took the first available train to Valparaiso.

Chillingworth more than half expected his visitor. He received him with absolute sang froid, though, if the truth had been known, his heart did sink a little at the sight of the tall Yankee millionaire; for though he knew nothing could be proved against him, even accusations unsupported by evidence are apt to be awkward at times.

But Heavyside extended his hand. "Young man, I'm glad to see you safe home," he said. "Had a pleasant trip? They said down our way you was lost."

"Well, it was touch and go, certainly," said Chillingworth.

"Lucky you didn't run into anything—cruisers, or obstacles of that sort," said Heavyside; "might have been awkward, eh?"

"Awkward for them than for me," said Chillingworth, wincing just the merest trifle. "But I kept clear of obstacles."

"Wal, I like you, young man," continued the millionaire. "And none the worse because you've euhced me this time. You come ashore now and chew a bit with me, and we'll see if we can't deal."

Chillingworth finished that interview with Minister of Marine for Pamira, and with an order in his pocket for five submarines.

All this took place a year ago. Since that time Roxalia has been annexed by Karl Edouard of Pamira, and there is at this moment a promising quarrel brewing between Pamira and its big neighbor, Palladia. Prince Consort Heavyside intends, he says, to run the three states in one. Certainly, Palladia's three old cruisers and her second-class battleship, built in 1871, will do little to prevent him, with Chillingworth at the head of Maritime Affairs, and five little devils of submarines of the Cormorant type playing about in Pamiran waters!

"You never saw a man who understood women." "Well, I knew a man once who claimed that he did." "And did he?" "Well, he never married one."—Houston Post.

"What do you want with this automobile catalogue?" "I propose to write some dialogue for it, and then it will be a motor novel."—Washington Herald.

DIAMONDS WORTH A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS ON DISPLAY AT RYRIE'S.

Such a magnificent collection of gems was never placed on display in this city or perhaps in any other city in America as is attracting the attention and admiration of everyone who passes the store of Ryrie Bros., on Yonge street. It brings vividly to one's mind the tales of the wealth of India and the princes of royal blood who vie with one another in collecting the rarest and most costly adornments which that land of mystery produces.

Like a brilliant flash of sunlight from a clouded sky, it arrests one's attention, and perforce one is held in leash while one gazes with longing at the sparkling, twinkling gems. "Beautiful! "Magnificent!" "Gorgeous!" are some of the terms which can be heard from the lips of those who look upon the display.

A quarter of a million dollars it is worth—more than most people imagine any store could afford to have in stock. But, large as is the regal exhibit, it has been composed of only the loose stock in Ryrie's store, and it was not found necessary to have recourse to the stones already set up.

The idea of the display is in keeping with the season. It consists of three stalks of corn with four ears. The ears are made up of 2,700 glistening, perfect diamonds, worth from the tiny chip valued at a few dollars to the large ones worth thousands. Other gems there are, too: pearls, rubies, sapphires—a bewildering array. But as if not satisfied with that, five little trays contain over 2,000 other stones.

All in all, the exhibit is worth going miles to see. It is something altogether unique, and a tribute to Ryries and Toronto. Everyone will feast their eyes upon it, and in addition an invitation is extended to all to go into the store, not to purchase, but, if for nothing else than to see the gorgeous interior and other magnificent displays within Diamond Hall.

The Dead Master.

NO singing chord of youth was dumb.

No star of youth was dim;
It seemed so long ere age should come,

I kept light watch for him,—
Light watch o'er heart, and nerve and eye,

His entrance evermore,—
And, lo! the shadow, stealing by,
Found an unguarded door!

I dreamt of far-off fields well-fought,
Fierce battle, victory bright;
"I shall have praise from him," I thought,

"Who taught me first to fight."
Then I remembered as a breath
Blows the dry rose apart;
For, lo! the sudden touch of death
Had aged me to the heart!

—John Erskine, in Century.

Dowager—So you are commencing a practice here. You're rather young, aren't you? Young Medico—Oh—er—well—I only expect to start on children first, you know.—Punch.

"Are you related to the bride or groom elect?" asked the busy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."—Christian Register.

El. Zenda

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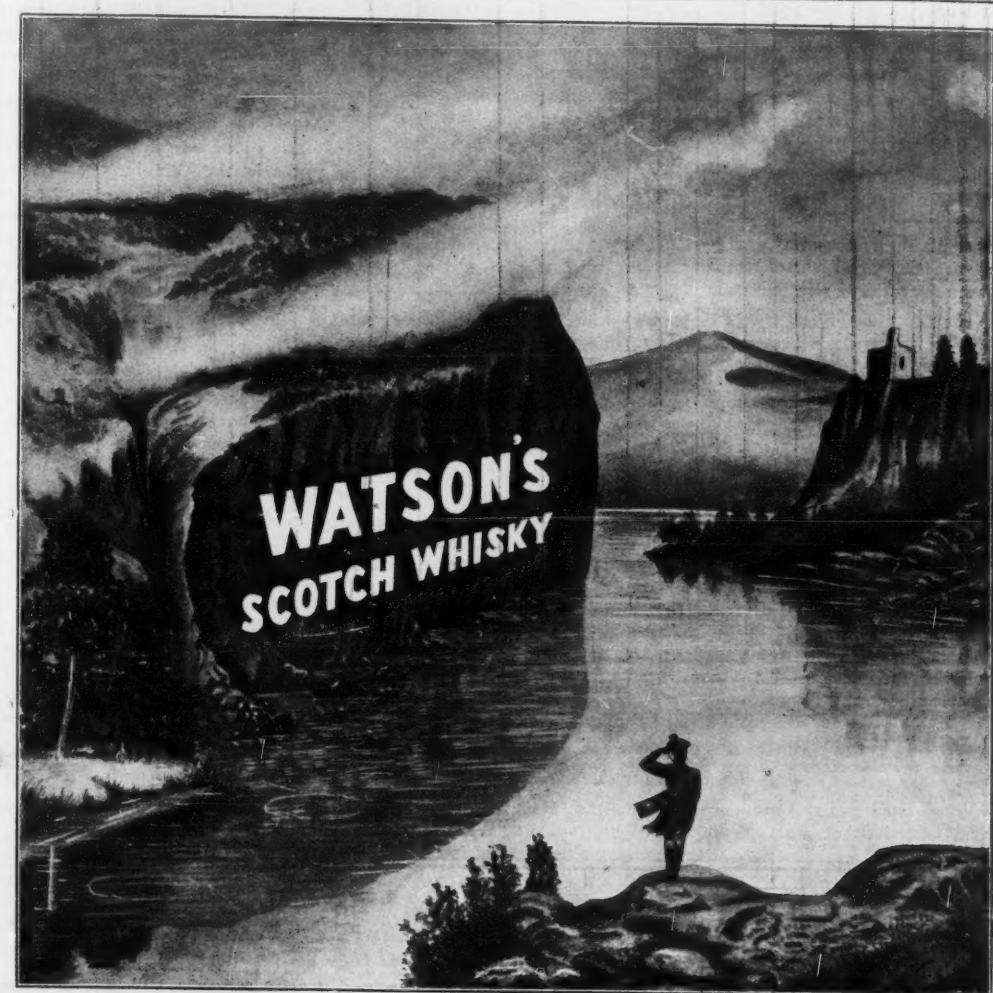
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